There is no magic formula

for building a

"RETIREMENT INCOME"

YOU'VE heard great talk—and you'll hear more, too—about this "plan" and that "plan" to retire certain groups of people at one age or another, and to provide incomes sufficient to maintain them in comfort. But thinking men and women know that there is no magic formula for *real independence.* A life of leisure after 55 or 60 or 65 cannot be had for the asking. Independence is not to be found on cut-rate counters!

BUT—deposits that guarantee a *safe,* steady income for your old age are a lot less than you may think.

For instance, if you are now 30 years of age, you can purchase, for only $14.06 a week, a Lincoln National Life 5 Star Annuity that will give you an assured income of $200 a month after you reach 60! And your dependents will be generously provided for, too, should you die before your retirement age.

You may not want as much as $200 a month, or you may want more. You may be over 30, or under. Perhaps you'd rather retire before you are 60; possibly later. Whatever your requirements, a Lincoln National 5 Star Annuity provides *just what you want* at a reasonable outlay!

Let us give you facts and figures on your own case. Let us tell you just how much cash you will have to deposit for a *sure* retirement income—for *real* independence when your working days are over! This information will be *personal.* It will be compiled on the basis of the information you furnish.

Get out your pencil right now. Fill in the coupon before you turn another page. Mail it immediately. It may mean a life of leisure to you—a safeguard to protect you and yours in the years to come. Act immediately!

ITS NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Dept. L-5

If I put aside $5 ( ), $10 ( ), $15 ( ), or _____ dollars every week in the Lincoln National Life 5-Star Annuity Plan, how much income will you pay me beginning at Age 55 ( ), or Age 60 ( ), or Age 65 ( )?

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City and State*_____ *Present Age*_____

The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 30, 1936

Volume 121 • Number 22 • Whole No. 2406

Copyright 1936 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

Contents

MAIL 2
TOPICS OF THE DAY 5
TOPICS IN BRIEF 11
FOREIGN COMMENT 12
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 18
LETTERS AND ART 20
DRAMA AND MUSIC 26
RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE 32
NATIONAL DEFENSE 34
SHIPS AND SHIPPING 35
SPORT AND SPORTSMEN 37
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 40
PRESS 42
THE SPICE OF LIFE 44

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semi-annual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Gifford

Sir:—In your issue of April 4 you published the birthdate of Walter S. Gifford as January 10, 1885.

I am perfectly satisfied that it is wrong. That date couldn't have produced him. If February 10th, OK. Your thumbnail sketch of him conforms therewith. He is not the other man at all.

In the interest of accuracy, I wish you would check up on it—that is, if you can stomach having that much to do with astrological nonsense. PAUL COUNSIL.
Los Angeles.

[According to Mr. Gifford himself he was born January 10, 1885.—*Editor.*]

Alabama Liquor

Sir:—As President of the Alabama Pharmaceutical Association I challenge your statement in regard to the Alabama druggist under the caption, "Clamorous Wets in Dry Alabama," appearing in the March 28 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

The insinuation is that every drug store in Alabama is a veritable liquor joint or blind tiger and a violator of the laws of our State. Also that they are employing the youth of the State to take orders and dispense liquor at the curbs of their stores, thereby making bootleggers and potential criminals out of them.

As far as my knowledge serves me, there is not a drug store in Alabama where liquor is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served at the curb and, so far as I know and have been able to find out through inquiry and otherwise, there are only three drug stores in the entire State where liquor can be bought.

Referring to other paragraphs where you say liquor flows freely in Alabama, I take issue with you on this statement. It is true that liquor can be bought in Alabama and you can buy it in large quantities in some quarters, but this is not true of the entire State. Your article says two out of every three second-class restaurants and barbecue stands are blind tigers. I think this statement is exaggerated considerably.

In conclusion, that part of your story referring to the drug stores (not one but all) in Alabama serving liquor at the curbs or in any other manner is not true.

N. G. HUBBARD, PRESIDENT
Alabama Pharmaceutical Association.
Birmingham, Alabama.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST (issue of March 28) did not state that "not one but all" drug stores serve liquor; nor did it imply that such was the case. It regrets that such inference was read into the article.—*Editor.*]

Methodist Unity

Sir:—Your article in the May 16 issue entitled "Methodist Unity" contains several inaccuracies. The head-line itself is misleading, intimating, or rather broadly stating, that unity of Methodists has actually been accomplished. This is not true. The vote taken at Columbus merely represented the sentiment of the Methodist Church regarding a certain plan of union which had been proposed. But no union can take place until the Methodist Protestant Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have taken similar votes, in their General Conferences, after which two-thirds of the Annual Conferences must also vote favorably.

As a matter of fact, another plan for the union of these three churches was adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Church several years ago, but did not get through the Annual Conferences of the Southern branch, and had to be abandoned. No one knows what the fate of the present plan may be, so it is entirely wrong to state that union is an accomplished fact. It will be three or four years before union can take place, if it does take place.

East Cleveland, Ohio. E. B. HURLBURT.

[In a sense Mr. Hurlburt is correct. The vote at Columbus represented only the sentiment of the Methodist Episcopal Church. What THE LITERARY DIGEST meant was that as far as the largest group involved is concerned, the breach is healed.—*Editor.*]

Beg Pardon!

Sir:—"Tyro Fuehrers" in the May 9 issue proved most interesting, but one paragraph amused me. Namely: "It is June, and they are lining up at Sonthofen, in the Bavarian Alps, where the Elbe runs like a green, quivering ribbon through blossoming mountain-side."

I happen to come from Germany and I lived in Dresden, which is on the Elbe, therefore I know that this river does not flow through the Bavarian Alps. Its source is in Czechoslovakia and it runs its course through the northern part of central Germany, flowing into the North Sea at Hamburg. ELISABETH BERTHOLD.
Daytona Beach, Florida.

[Miss Berthold is quite correct. A typographical error caused the River Eller to become River Elbe.—*Editor.*]

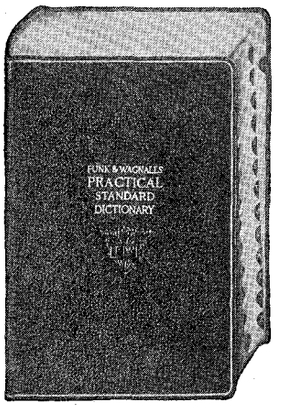
Circus

Sir:—The article "Circus Glamourously Heralds Spring" in a recent issue was highly interesting. I am glad you gave space to one of America's finest and oldest amusements.

As 20,000,000 attend annually I think it is only fitting that magazines once in a while keep their circus fan readers informed of the doings of the sawdust world. J. C. TATE.
Hollywood, California.

It Answers A Million Questions

The Funk & Wagnalls
PRACTICAL
STANDARD DICTIONARY
FRANK H. VIZETELLY, Litt.D., LL.D., Editor



Containing 1,325 *pages*—
140,000 terms, *all in one alphabetic vocabulary;* only one place to look for the word you want.
15,000 proper names.
2,500 illustrative engravings—*a massive wealth of pictorial adornment with true definitive value;* 26 full-page engravings.
1,900 *foreign phrases* used in English conversation, drawn from the French, Greek, Italian, Latin, German, and Spanish.

Full Leather Binding
Actual Size 9¼ ins. high; 6¾ ins. wide

Most Complete Abridged Dictionary Published

In schools, in business offices, in homes—for physicians, teachers, lawyers, writers—for public speakers, students, men of affairs—for club-women; business women, society women, and "old fashioned" (!) women directing home affairs—for parents who are training their children in that priceless accomplishment, the correct use of our language—for all who speak, read, or write English, or who desire to do so, this volume will prove a never-failing guide.

The Most Up-to-Date
The Practical Standard defines the *newest words* and phrases. *Definitions are more clear, more explanatory, and more modern than in any similar work.*

To Win Word Contests
and solve cross-word puzzles use only this most *modern* dictionary and save yourself from disappointment. Get a *Funk & Wagnalls Practical Standard Dictionary* because it is the largest abridged dictionary published and contains many thousand more words than will be found in other dictionaries of similar cost.

"Far Superior"
Philadelphia Public Ledger: "It is so far superior to any other American dictionary of its size that it will be welcomed by every one who wants a handy reference book."

Ideal for Gift-Giving
The Practical Standard Dictionary measures up to the highest standards of beauty and impressiveness as a gift. In addition, this authoritative book will be in daily use among those to whom you give it, and thus will prove a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Supreme Value!
Think of it! This matchless dictionary—the newest and the largest abridged dictionary published—printed on Bible paper from new type, in the most popular and durable binding at prices that give you the best dollar-for-dollar value!

Cloth, Colored Edges, with Thumb-Notch Index, $5.00. Fabrikoid, Marbled Edges, with Thumb-Notch Index, $6.00. Full Flexible Leather, Gilt Edges, Thumb-Notch Index, Boxed, $7.50. Postage, 26c., extra. Full Crushed Levant, Gilt Edges, Hand Tooled, Raised Bands, Boxed, $17.50.

At all Bookstores, or direct from

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

Are you guilty of

BAD MANNERS IN ENGLISH?

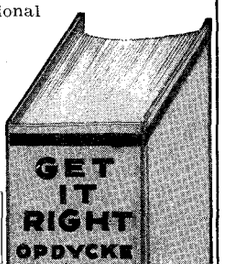
You may not write *He looks good* or *The best of the two*—you may not fall into such ear errors as *cudja, gimme, ketch.* But do you take pride in your speech, in your written words, and are they producing the best results for you?

Bad English is not only bad manners but bad business too. Just one small inaccuracy, easily corrected, can make or break your success. Crisp, accurate, graceful, understandable English—in writing and in conversation—should be a matter of personal pride.

Now you need not be unsure about any point that the user of English is likely to encounter. For a famous educator and authority has written a book that is a first-aid kit for all kinds of expressional emergencies.

GET IT RIGHT!

By JOHN B. OPDYCKE



Bound in dark green cloth, 5¾ x 8¾ inches, $3.50 a copy.

Here is an omnibus of usage—twenty handbooks in one—that contains more material than any other book of its kind, a 692-page cyclopedia in one handsome volume, for quick reference. Grammar, punctuation, spelling, word study, these fundamentals are covered as well as dozens of specific problems in written and spoken English.

You need this book. Get it—now—at any bookstore, or order from us via the coupon, with the privilege of returning it at our expense within 5 days and having your money refunded.

5 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL TODAY!

Dept. 1605
Funk & Wagnalls Company
354 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of GET IT RIGHT! I will pay the postman $3.50 plus a few cents postage. If not satisfied, I may return it for refund within five days at your expense.

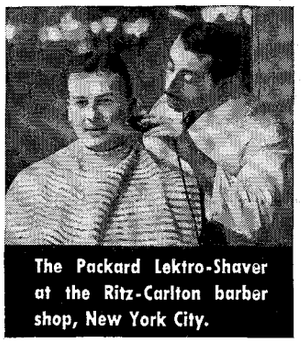
Name .....
Street .....
City and State.....

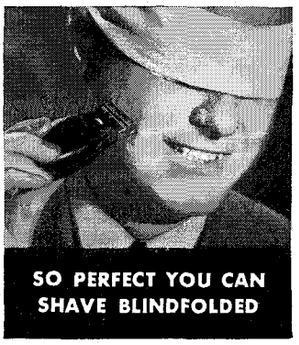
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT *Priceless Gifts* FOR DAD ON FATHER'S DAY

U. S. Patent No. 1,970,518. Other patents pending.

THE PACKARD
LIFETIME
LEKTRO-SHAVER
Operates on either AC or DC Current
GUY KIBBEE, America's favorite character actor, Star of WARNER BROS. picture "Big Noise"

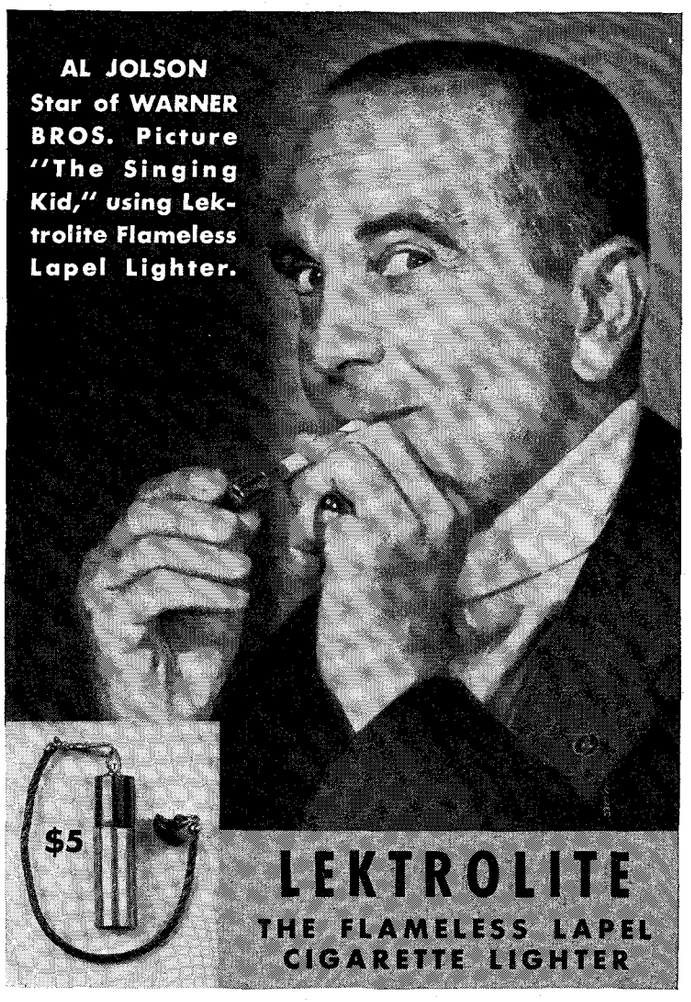

The Packard Lektro-Shaver at the Ritz-Carlton barber shop, New York City.


SO PERFECT YOU CAN SHAVE BLINDFOLDED

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SERVICE STATIONS THROUGHOUT THE U. S. A.

For information, inspection or service on Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver, phone nearest Dictograph or Acousticon office listed in telephone directories in all principal cities, or at the PROGRESS COUNTER in your favorite Department Store

Lektro-Shavers are manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., precision manufacturers for 33 years, for Lektro-Shave Corp., Licensees. Distributor: The Progress Corporation, 1 East 43rd Street, N. Y. C.


AL JOLSON
Star of WARNER BROS. Picture "The Singing Kid," using Lektrolite Flameless Lapel Lighter.
$5
LEKTROLITE
THE FLAMELESS LAPEL CIGARETTE LIGHTER

One gives the perfect electric shave without water, lather, brush, or blades . . . the other, stainless, cooler, cleaner smoking

Don't rack your brain about what to give Dad on Father's Day, or to make son, daughter, brother, sister, or boy friend happy on graduation. Either of these ultra-smart, ultra-practical items is the answer.

Master Barber Shaving

The Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver with the exclusive $200,000 master cutter is absolutely the sensation of the year. Once you use it, you will never shave the old-fashioned way.

This fine precision instrument makes shaving a pure delight . . . gives a master barber shave every time. And it does it without fuss, mess, discomfort, or bother—and without brush, lather, water, or lotions. Just plug it into the socket (AC or DC current) and shave dry.

The Packard cannot pull the beard, cut or irritate the skin as ordinary mechanical shavers so often do. It simply glides over the face, reaches hard-to-get-at places, and lops off every hair close and clean. It cleans itself as it goes and simply cannot clog. The tougher the beard, the better it likes it.

Lights Without Flame

The new, mysterious Flameless cigarette lighters are as sensational as the shaver in their performance. Believe it or not, it's hard to find a match in Hollywood these days since the Stars discovered Lektrolites.

With Lektrolites you simply press your cigarette against a tiny screen and lo!—a magic glow appears which ignites your cigarette.

That glow is 1200° cooler than match or old-fashioned lighter flame and consequently does not release stain-producing coal tars from the tobacco. Result: a cooler smoke and no stains on fingers, gloves, or teeth.

The drug store cowboy and the small town smart alec may think yellow stains a badge of manhood, but smart people, fastidious people use Flameless cigarette lighters in home, office, and club.

They come in attractive models from $1.00 to $25.00.

See Lektrolite and the Packard Lektro-Shaver at the Progress Counters in the better department stores or at your local dealer's. If he cannot supply you, order by coupon below.

IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY THIS COUPON

The Progress Corporation, Dept. LL-5, 1 East 43rd Street, N. Y. C.

Enclosed find check_____money order_____for $_____for which please send me_____ Lektrolite Flameless Lapel Cigarette Lighter ($5); _____Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver ($15).

Name_____Address_____

City_____State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MAY 30, 1936

Topics of the day

WIDE REPERCUSSIONS OF COAL RULING

Guffey Upset Renews Debate on Supreme Court's Power

Scene I: Rain swept Laidley Athletic Field, Charleston, West Virginia, at the hub of the bituminous coal-fields.

Time: Labor Day, 1935, two days after President Roosevelt signed the Guffey Coal Law.

At one end of the field there is a roofed speakers' stand, hung with red, white and blue bunting. Around it are jammed 20,000 men, women and children, soft-coal-miners and their families. A thousand or two sit in the stadium seats. The rest stand in squashy mud.

It has rained all night. A chill wind blows wisps of fog through the drizzle and the miners' Sunday best suits are soaked. Yet, hardly uttering a sound, they stand there patiently listening, bearing aloft gay, colored banners, red and gold, blue and gold, green and gold. Their womenfolk wear caps to match the banners and bright percale dresses.

The rain has not dampened their spirits. What is a mere storm or two when they have come to greet their chief, John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, and to hear him pour out his praise of the Guffey Act? In open-topped trucks and steamy excursion trains, they have been converging on Charleston all night long, singing, laughing, cheering.

Leader Acclaimed—Now they cheer again, loudly and proudly. A chauffeur is piloting a sleek black sedan to the rear of the dripping speakers' stand. Black-haired John L. Lewis, his beetling brow relaxed, steps out and mounts the platform.

As he launches into his speech, they keep up a guttural undertone of approval, smiling when he smiles, scowling when he scowls. "Don't stop, John," they beg him. "You're right, John. We're for you 100 per cent."

They're for the Guffey Act, too.

Scene II: The majestic Supreme Court Chamber, Washington, D. C.

Time: Early afternoon, May 18, 1936.

The room is of marble, two stories high, eighty feet long, nearly as wide. With its thick marble columns, ornate ceiling, allegoric wall-panels and crimson hangings, it is a suitable meeting place for "the most august tribunal in the world."

Behind the high walnut judges' bench, Associate Justice George Sutherland leans forward and picks up a paper. Seventy-three, tall, slender, mild; a pale face overtops his white Van Dyke beard. "I have here—" he begins, and spectators in the hushed court-room cup their hands to their ears, the better to hear his soft unimpassioned voice.

The gist of his remarks is soon clear. The Court is declaring that the Guffey Act is unconstitutional and void.

In the TVA and gold-clause cases, measures sponsored by New Dealers had run the Supreme Court gantlet successfully. But in the past year the awe-inspiring Court-chamber has been heaped high with their legislative corpses—the NRA, the AAA, the railway pensions law, the farm mortgage moratorium law, the "hot oil" law and others. Last week the Guffey Coal Law dropped down too.

Senator Joseph F. Guffey, Pennsylvania Democrat, was in the Court-room, his massive shoulders jutting out from his chair. A wry smile crossed his smooth-shaven face as the life went out of his brain child. But, always taciturn, he would say nothing more than: "I never was put out of a ball game for criticizing the umpire."

Stumbling-Block—What killed the Guffey Law was its attempt to regulate coal-miners' hours and wages. In this, the Court decided, the Federal Government had invaded the rights of the States. It has no power to control transactions which do not constitute or directly affect commerce among the States. Therefore, it has no power to regulate mining, for mining, the Court declared, is not interstate commerce.

The fact that the coal dug within a State is intended to be sent outside it makes no difference. "The local character of mining, of manufacturing and of crop-growing is a factor and remains a fact," the Court said. Moreover, "the relation of employer and employee is a local relation."

So much for the binding, majority opinion, read by Justice Sutherland. But, to the befuddlement of many persons, two minority opinions also were read that day, one by Chief Justice Hughes, one by Justice Cardozo, who spoke for Justices Brandeis and Stone as well.

Keystone

The coal-miner: His hours and wages may not be regulated by the United States Government

In his syndicated newspaper column, Walter Lippmann, clear-headed publicist, explains the ins and outs of the three opinions, writing:

"The Guffey Act as it came from Congress was divided into two parts. In one, the Federal Government was given the power to fix the price of coal; in another, wages and labor conditions. . . .

"Five justices held that the regulation of labor was unconstitutional; the Chief Justice agreed with them in a separate opinion; three justices refused to pass on the question. . . .

"On the other part of the act, which fixes prices, the situation was reversed. The Chief Justice and three others held definitely that this part of the act was constitutional. The majority, on the other hand, held that they did not have to decide that question. . . .

"No one can be sure, therefore, what the Court would decide about price-fixing."

Praying that the Court would decide in favor of it, Senator Guffey seized paste-pot and shears, scissored the labor provisions out of the measure, and reintroduced it in Congress. The pruned product won the despairing support of the Mine Workers and of some operators.

For few experts seem to deny that the soft-coal industry needs some sort of regulation, State, interstate or national.

Age-Long Evils—For fully half a century, this industry, with its endless wage cuts, strikes, lay-offs, shut-downs, bankruptcies and cut-throat competition, has suffered from "a chronic state of virtual chaos," as one expert phrased it. As long ago as 1885, operators and diggers were bemoaning "the wide-spread depression of business, the overproduction of coal and the consequent severe competition." Between 1913 and 1935, commissions and congressional committees investigated conditions in the soft-coal field no fewer than nineteen times.

Overdevelopment—too many mines and too many miners—is the ancient curse of the industry.

From 1890 to 1932 the average soft-coal mine operated only about 200 days a year. The boom which galvanized the rest of the country in the 1920's skipped bituminous mining, but the slump that followed hit it between the eyes.

Production, 564,000,000 tons in 1923, dwindled to 333,000,000 tons in 1933. By that time, there were fully 200,000 miners out of work and, tho in 1934 production increased under the now defunct NRA, there were still about 125,000 unemployed miners, or roughly a quarter of all, just before the Guffey Act was passed in 1935.

And many of the employed miners were working only part time. Miners are case-hardened to unemployment. They do not move away when a mine shuts down. Instead they loiter about their grimy "patch,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or mine village, in the shadow of tipple and slag-heap. When the whistle blows again, the miner puts on greasy overalls and cap with pit lamp, fills his dinner-pail with sandwiches and coffee, and descends to his dank underground chamber, there to spend his seven-hour day prodding and drilling and shoveling.

He gets to know danger at first hand, but he knows poverty even better. He may earn $5.50 or more every working-day, without making enough in a year to keep the wolf from his door. Nevertheless, his wages represent fully two-thirds of the cost of soft-coal production. In this industry, said the Supreme Court's majority decision, "the interdependence of wages and prices is manifest."

Both wage- and price-slashing will follow this decision, some operators believe. But in general the larger operators expect it to be a boon. "A fine decision and a constructive one, and will be good for the industry," remarks J. D. A. Morrow, President of the Pittsburgh Coal Company.

As for the miners, they leave comment to their brawny idol, Mr. Lewis, who declares: "It is a sad commentary on our form of government when every decision of the Supreme Court seems designed to fatten capital and starve and destroy labor."

In this election year, newspaper editors are agitated over the effect of the Guffey case on President Roosevelt's platform and prospects. Will he call for a constitutional amendment? If he does, will it hurt or help him?

To Franklyn Waltman, political expert of the Washington *Post* (Ind.), "It would seem that the hour has arrived when either President Roosevelt must abandon his effort to solve economic and social problems on a national basis, or he must go forward to that end by seeking an amendment to the Constitution. . . .

"What the New Deal has tried to do can not be done as the Constitution now stands."

The day after the three Supreme Court decisions, the President, twinkling but noncommittal, called them informative and educational, said they showed a difference of opinion on the bench, but said nothing about amending the Constitution.

Press Comment—That move would get nowhere, says the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Ind.), "as long as business conditions improve."

Yet "a constitutional amendment seems to be the only answer" to the Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen* (Ind.). If the Wagner Labor Relations Act follows the Guffey Act down the chute, the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.) thinks "the issue of constitutional revision may be revived with a vengeance."

"Be frank with the people," the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.-Rep.) urges the President, adding that if his plans run contrary to the Constitution, "the fair and aboveboard course would be to urge changing the Constitution."

"Let the American people decide by direct vote whether they want regimentation," nods the Kansas City *Journal-Post* (Ind.). The *Daily Oklahoman* (Ind.) and the Sioux City *Journal* (Ind.) echo this idea.

But Dorothy Thompson, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, insists that "The American people *fear* changes of the Constitution, they *fear* extension of the powers of government, because they have no confidence in the ability, seriousness, competence or common honesty of government. . . .

"If they are docile to the decisions of the Supreme Court, it is . . . simply because the Supreme Court enjoys a prestige which no other branch of our Government has."

Political Bearing—The New York *Daily News* (Ind.) is convinced that President Roosevelt could be reelected on the issue of curbing the Supreme Court's power. "The *Alice in Wonderlandish* reasoning of Justice Sutherland" will lower the Court's prestige, not the President's, declares the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.). Granting that the Court is correct, observes the *Daily News Standard* (Dem.), of Uniontown, in the Pennsylvania soft-coal-fields, "one's confidence is rudely shaken in the Constitution itself."

"Political star-gazers" who say the Guffey decision "renders more probable a Democratic victory in Pennsylvania, Illinois and West Virginia, three States in which the miners are particularly numerous," impress the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Ind.-Dem.).

They do not impress the Boston *Herald* (Rep.). "The people," it says, "will be likely to recall in November that one of the final acts of the Court was to invalidate the law for which the President was so largely responsible."

In Helena, Arkansas, the puzzled editor of the *East Arkansas Record* (Dem.) can't decide whether "the Court is trying to kill the Administration or Congress hasn't brains enough to pass laws that will be constitutional."

From two coal-producing States comes testimony that the death of the Act will not wreck the soft-coal industry. "If the Guffey Act had stood," remarks the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Ind.-Dem.), "the industry in Alabama would have fallen even deeper into the abysses of trouble."

"With its Guffey Act decision," declares the satisfied Wheeling, West Virginia, *Intelligencer* (Rep.), "the Supreme Court virtually completed the job of restoring constitutional government in the United States."

Drawn by Shapi for THE LITERARY DIGEST

Associate Justice George Sutherland. . . . The gist of his remarks was clear

LEHMAN'S BOMBSHELL

His Stand Affects Roosevelt, Seeking His Help in New York

Albany correspondents of New York newspapers wound up their luncheon one day last week with the usual coffee, cigarettes, and desultory comment on the coming Presidential race. Roosevelt, they agreed, was a cinch; with Governor Herbert H. Lehman to swing the tide Democratic, the Empire State's forty-seven electoral votes would be more than ample to reelect his good friend in the White House. Suddenly some one remembered that the Governor had asked them to see him that afternoon, and they trooped up to the drab old Capitol expecting to get some routine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statement about the defeated social security bills.

What they got was a far from routine statement of 250 words which sent them galloping to telephones. Three hours later, afternoon editions led their front pages with the most significant political story of the year thus far—the announcement that Mr. Lehman would not be a candidate for reelection.

Having served two terms as Lieutenant Governor and almost two as Governor, he had decided that the time had come when "I may ask release from the cares and responsibilities of the Governorship." No reason was given for the move, but his friends guessed that his services were needed by the firm of Lehman Brothers, to fill the place of Arthur Lehman, who died on May 16.

Effect Debated—What would be the effect? Some commentators, friendly to Roosevelt, insisted that Lehman had consulted the President, that Postmaster General James A. Farley had assured him that his prestige was not needed to carry a State already "in the bag." An immediate "draft Lehman" move in Washington indicated plainly that the Governor had made his decision over the protest of the National Administration. Republicans saw new hope in the fact that, in the absence of strong standard-bearers in the past, normally Republican majorities upstate had wiped out heavy New York City Democratic leads on more than one occasion.

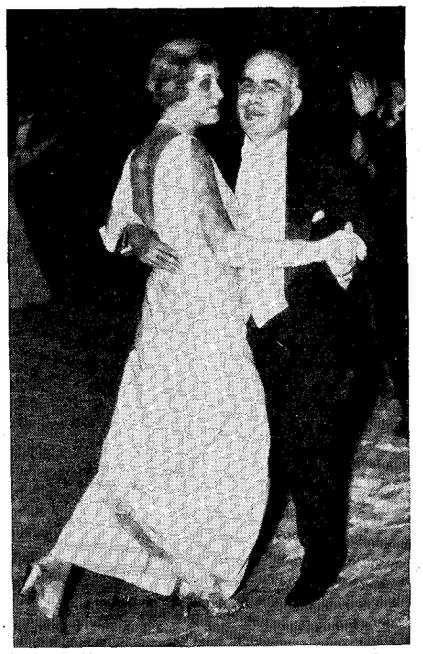
His mind made up, Herbert Lehman will be free next January to resume a banking career that twice has been interrupted by what he felt to be the call of duty. The first time was on the occasion of America's entrance into the war. The second came in 1928, when Alfred E. Smith was the Democratic Presidential candidate. With New York on the doubtful list, Smith hoped to carry the State by putting up a vote-getting candidate for the Governorship. Roosevelt was the man he picked, and Herbert Lehman was the logical choice for Lieutenant Governor.

Thereafter Herbert Lehman's political career was assured. So active a part did he play as Governor Roosevelt's right-hand man that in 1932 he was the obvious choice for the Democratic nomination. It meant a fight with the strong Tammany Hall machine, but he won out and proceeded to carry the State by an unheard-of plurality of 867,000 votes. Two years later, in the face of growing criticism of the New Deal, which he loyally supported, he was reelected by almost as many votes.

With this in mind and with the 1936 Presidential Election looming larger as November draws near, it is important for the Democratic Party to find a man who stands some chance of helping the President win his home-State.

From a score of possibilities, political dopesters late last week narrowed the field to three men: Farley, whom the President would indorse but whom Tammany Hall would oppose; Robert H. Jackson, of Jamestown, counsel for the Internal Revenue Bureau, and John J. Bennett, Attorney General of New York State.

Press Comment—The press is almost single-minded in its regret over Lehman's withdrawal from politics. "His retirement at this time is unthinkable," moans the New York *Post* (Ind.), while the Boston *Globe* (Ind.), comments: "Few public men have had their motives so little questioned."



Wide World

Governor and Mrs. Lehman: Dancing at Inaugural Balls no longer interests them

"Where will the Party turn now?" asks the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle*, (Dem.), and the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.), offers this reply: "Various names are already mentioned, but not one of them seems naturally in line to succeed to the office which has been filled and adorned by Herbert Lehman."

"Lehman looked like a winner and his prospective victory was counted upon to help Roosevelt in his own State, which he most certainly can not afford to lose," noted the Newark *Evening News* (Ind.). "It might be that New York's forty-seven electoral votes would swing the balance between victory and defeat."

And the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.), agrees: "With him in the running as Democratic candidate for the Governorship, the national Democratic ticket would enjoy advantages in New York which scarcely any other Democratic gubernatorial nominee could bring."

FIGHTER HOFFMAN He Fells Critic, Trails in Poll; Breckinridge Gets Jersey Protest Vote

Harold G. Hoffman, New Jersey's aggressive Governor, gave and took a punch on the chin last week. The one he gave, in the anteroom of a New York City banquet hall, floored a reporter* who had criticized him. The one he took, in his State's Republican Primary next day, did not floor him.

Instead, he marked up his ninth straight political victory in winning one of the four places as Delegate-at-Large to the Republican National Convention while Governor Alfred M. Landon was capturing the State Delegation of thirty-two in a test with Senator William E. Borah.

But Governor Hoffman ran fourth and last, and political observers saw his prestige bady battered. It was the ghost of the Hauptmann case, as invoked by former Representative Franklin W. Fort, that checked for the first time a swift and consistently successful career.

His career swept to a climax when, in 1934, he shattered a twenty-seven-year tradition that a Republican could not be elected Governor of New Jersey in an off-Presidential year.

Murder Case—Then came the conviction of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. Governor Hoffman's active interest in the case brought him severe criticism from within and without the Republican Party. It started when he declared he did not think that Hauptmann alone was guilty and revealed that he had visited Hauptmann in his death-house cell. It increased to a roar when the Governor granted a thirty-day reprieve and it did not end with Hauptmann's execution.

Taking the field against him in the race for delegate-at-large, Mr. Fort accused the Governor of attempting to "break down the fundamental American respect for the power and dignity of our Courts of Justice." His campaign was reflected in the vote in which Governor Hoffman trailed the top man in the field of four by 50,000. His total was 228,000 (unofficial figures). The vote for Mr. Fort was more than 182,000.

Governor Landon, with 311,143, beat Senator Borah, with 74,620, by more than four to one.

This Primary, the last of sixteen before the Republican Convention, adds thirty-two to the list of those favoring Landon, altho the vote is not binding. A table compiled by the Associated Press shows only 141 delegates actually instructed as to how they shall vote. These include 96 for Landon, divided thus: Kansas, 18; Kentucky, 18; Missouri, 20; Oklahoma, 21; Tennessee, 15; Virginia, 4. For Borah, 29—Idaho, 8; Wisconsin, 29. Maryland's 16 are instructed for Governor Nice.

This list, it will be noted, deals only with instructed Delegations and makes no mention of the claims of Landon, Borah or Col. Frank Knox.

Another point of interest for political observers in the New Jersey Primary was the Democratic protest vote of more than 42,000 for Col. Henry Breckinridge, New Deal critic. In the Maryland Primary Breckinridge scored 18,150 to President Roosevelt's 100,269 [unofficial figures]. New Jersey's Presidential vote in 1932 was 775,-684 for Hoover and 806,630 for Roosevelt.

Editorial Views—Analyzing the New Jersey results, editors of that State clash over Governor Hoffman's victory.

In the opinion of the Newark *Star-Eagle* "bullet votes* in quantity produced by his State-wide machine of office-holders, plus a heavy vote of one-day Republicans, accounted for his running ahead of Fort, who had no organization behind him."

Asserting that Hoffman has lost prestige but is still too strong politically to be beaten in a Republican primary, the Asbury Park *Press* (Ind.-Dem.) adds that "long-standing popularity can not be wrecked by one or two honest mistakes."

Of the Landon-Borah show-down, the Coffeyville *Journal* in Landon's Kansas, says that "the New Jersey Primaries spoke the grass roots sentiment of the industrial East . . . that Landon is the man to pilot the nation out of the worst crisis that has overtaken it in two generations."

In Borah's State, the Boise *Capital News*

*Lou Wedemar of Universal News Service.

*A bullet vote is one cast for a single candidate when more than one is to be elected.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Ind.) thinks the New Jersey results "should be convincing proof to him that there are no more liberals left in the Republican Party." They have "gone over to the Democratic side and Borah will probably follow them over before November."

But the Twin Falls *Idaho Evening Times* (Ind.-Rep.) asserts that "political wiseacres to the contrary, it is not to be presumed that he will desert the Republican Party.

"That would be too much of a good thing for Democrats."

LANDON'S CREED Kansan's Address to Neighbors Goes by Radio Over Nation

A whirring linotype clicked away under the green-shaded lamp in a corner of the shop while an ink-smeared editor bent over a make-up stone and fitted a head-line into a chase:

LANDON ADVISES AMERICAN YOUTH TO SHUN SUDDEN CHANGES IN COUNTRY

A key twisted the quoins tight, and the printer carried the six-column front page to the bed of the old cylinder press of the weekly *Independent*.

A few hours later 675 Kansas farmers, small-town grocers and hardware dealers read the speech their Governor, Alfred M. Landon, had made that week before the twenty-nine shiny-faced graduates of Attica High School.

On the front page of that eight-page paper—typical of thousands of community papers in the nation—the Kansas growers of wheat, corn and alfalfa read the speech that was broadcast all over the United States and made by a Kansan who, many of them hope, will be the next Republican President.

Kansas Philosophy—"I came here to-night," the speech read, "because the son of a life-long friend of mine is graduating from high school. . . .

"I am going to talk to you about some essentials. . . .

"There is no substitute for courage. . . .

"His word is as good as his bond. . . . Men can not live by bread alone. . . . Many difficult readjustments will have to be made in the future . . . the old pioneer days with their hardships and their opportunities for overnight riches have gone. . . . There are too many prophets to-day preaching the doctrine of despair. . . . We have no place in America to-day for quitters. Quitters did not make Kansas. They did not make America . . . still our promised land. Do not think you can leave the duties of citizenship to others. . . . Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Daily papers echoed: "Lincolnesque," as in the *Morning Chronicle* (Rep.) of Manhattan, Kansas.

Views of Editors—Atticans read that the editor of their *Independent* felt the "speech won many voters and friends.

"His stress on popular government causes much thought in rural community students and young people."

"Kansas can say that her young man did not play the demagog," observed William Allen White in the Emporia *Gazette* (Ind.-Rep.).

The skeptical East spoke up in the Newark *Evening News* (Ind.): "The pattern of the Presidential campaign continues idealistic, also platitudinous. His Attica speech did nothing to lessen the impression that Mr. Landon's managers are casting their candidate in the best Coolidge tradition."

William Randolph Hearst, biggest publisher backing the Kansan for President, editorialized:

"Governor Landon is the symbol of returning common sense to American thinking. His message to Attica is destined to be one of the milestones by which historians will trace our restoration to national CONFIDENCE AND CONSCIENCE."

TESTING JUDGES Curley's Questionnaire on Fitness of the Elderly Stirs Bay State

In Massachusetts, servants of the State, other than judges, must retire at seventy. Since 1779, the Bay State's Constitution has provided that "all judicial officers . . . shall hold their offices during good behavior. . . ."

That constitutional exception favoring the judiciary irks James Michael Curley, massive, eloquent, and politically energetic Governor who won't be seventy for eight and a half years.

Early this month he began wondering what to do with elderly judges.

Into large envelops he popped home-work covering data about the judiciary, for he doesn't care for the green bags dear to Boston lawyers.

At his Jamaica Way house he retreated to the library, where shelves are chocked with classics carrying the Governor beyond his high-school days.

When he came out of his den, he had the draft of a questionnaire to all Massachusetts judges which asked:

1. Your age at last birthday and your own view as to your present condition of health, both mental and physical.
2. A statement of facts, if any, which in your opinion operate in any degree to interfere with or prevent in any measure your giving full service to the State in performance of your judicial duties.

© International

Gov. James M. Curley of Massachusetts: His home-work got him in trouble

Tempest of Publicity—When that letter was released to the press, a furious State-wide cloudburst of protest rained on the polished Governor's iron-gray head.

For he had added a warning that he might call the State's thirty-six judges who are over seventy to appear before him and his Executive Council to prove their physical and mental fitness to continue serving on the bench.

Bowing before this tempest of public opinion, the two-fisted, fighting Chief Executive retracted his threat of summary removal proceedings. Instead, he proposed a milder legislative retirement act to permit elderly judges to leave the bench with full annual salary.

But, he added, unless the Legislature passes such a law at its current session, he will submit an initiative petition to voters at the November election, asking:

1. A constitutional convention.
2. Compulsory retirement of judges at seventy.
3. Whether their retirement-pay shall be full or half-salary. He favors full pay.
4. Whether judges should be appointed for a fixed term, or elected.

To this forthright proposal, he appended the charge that there are two septuagenarian jurists who are almost stone deaf, and one who is blind.

While most of the State's judges were ignoring Governor Curley's questionnaire, the Supreme Judicial Court, "as a matter of courtesy to the Chief Executive of the Commonwealth," submitted:

"The ages of the members of the Court at their last birthdays were: Arthur P. Rugg, seventy-three on August 20, 1935; John C. Crosby, seventy-six on June 15, 1935; Edward P. Pierce, eighty-three on December 28, 1935; Fred T. Field, fifty-nine on December 24, 1935; Charles H. Donahue, fifty-eight on December 7, 1935; Henry T. Lummus, fifty-nine on December 28, 1935; Stanley E. Qua, fifty-five on August 26, 1935."

Newspaper Comment—Editorial writers of leading dailies were less charitable.

Even the stanchly Democratic Boston *Post* warned that "the first act of any dictator is to strike at the courts and bend them to his will," while the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) trumpeted that "The Governor's proclaimed plan for a judicial purge should be resisted to the uttermost."

Other Bay State newspapers lambasted the Governor's proposals with war-club thwacks. Dr. Roscoe Pound, retiring soon at sixty-five as Dean of the Harvard Law School after twenty years' service, brought the critical and challenging force of American judicial history to bear upon the Governor's proposal. "Outrageous . . . counter to settled experience," he answered emphatically.

He pointed to great names in American judicial history. Four, he noted, Marshall, Snow, Gibson, and Holmes rendered signal service on the bench after seventy. Three served up to or beyond eighty.

Taney, Pearson, Breese, and Bradley kept their reputations shining after seventy. Lest history leave the Governor cold, he thundered:

"It is an arbitrary executive interference

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the judiciary such as has not been known in our polity, nor in England since the days of the Stuarts."

To which Governor Curley might retort: All Justices of the New York State Supreme Court must resign at seventy.

TOWNSEND'S WALK His Defiance of the House Leaves Editorial Writers Cold

When the mild-mannered Dr. Francis E. Townsend defied the United States House of Representatives last week by clapping on his straw hat and walking out of the room where a special investigating committee was questioning him about his old-age pension plan he made the head-lines boom, but the editorial writers took his action calmly.

"The hearing is an inquisition, but it worked," says the Portland *Oregonian*.

"The thousands of Townsendites who make a religious fetish of the 'God-given plan' and its leader will continue to protest their faith in the doctor. Those more reasonable will accept the fact that Townsend has developed feet of clay under the disclosures of his testimony."

Other editors coolly analyzed Dr. Townsend's defiant action while the House Investigating Committee feverishly debated what should be done with this slender, elderly man who had challenged their authority. If they had him arrested for contempt and sent him to jail they might martyrize him. If they let him escape unpunished, they saw their dignity upset, a dangerous precedent established.

Quits Inquisition—Doctor Townsend bolted from the hearing room after spending long hours on the witness stand answering questions about the workings of his plan to provide a monthly pension of $200 for every person over sixty years of age. Calm and unruffled during most of the questioning by Committee counsel, he had become nervous and fretful whenever the interrogations involved his personal integrity.

One of the main points of his testimony was that his plan would provide for the licensing of every farmer in the United States, in line with the provision for a general transactions tax. He also said that Rockefeller, Morgan, Ford, and other rich men would be eligible for the Townsend Plan pension since "everybody over sixty would receive the pension," while young people would get the jobs.

It was when the Committee counsel, James R. Sullivan, charged the Townsend organization with using the mails to defraud by soliciting funds for Congressional lobbying that Doctor Townsend bolted the hearing. Ordered to take the witness stand by Chairman C. Jasper Bell, Doctor Townsend, pale and apparently deeply agitated, remained on his feet. He said:

"In view of the apparent unfriendly attitude of the Committee and the unfair attitude it has shown to me and to the members of my organization, I deem it my duty to say that I shall no longer attend these Committee hearings.

"I am retiring from this sort of an inquisition and I do not propose to come back again except under arrest, and I do refuse absolutely to make any further statement pertaining to this movement.

Wide World

Members of the Townsend Caravan arrived in Washington in time to see their leader—

"Thank you and good-by, gentlemen."

In a statement issued later he said that he would rather "rot in jail" than appear again before the Committee.

Newspaper Opinion—Editors refuse to get excited about Doctor Townsend's defiance of the committee.

"It was a mistake," says the Cleveland *News* (Rep.), "for him to walk out when he was handling himself so well on the witness-stand."

"Before he made his dramatic dive for the door," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), "his plan had been shown in the light of a weird economic deception, and the good doctor had taken on the semblance more of the promoter of a money-raising organization than a kindly prophet of a land of plenty for the aged."

Whatever the upshot of the Townsend case, the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), asserts that "the probe of the Townsend movement has been worth while, for it has brought out the facts the public should know.

"One of the facts his followers should know is that the Townsend organization has already collected from them a million dollars."

Acme

—Dr. Francis E. Townsend, conferring with his counsel, Sheridan Downey, at the House investigation hearing on his pension plan

As the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.-Rep.) sees it:

"Doctor Townsend and his plan have probably had their 'run,' just as many another panacea and panacea purveyor have had their 'run' in this always curious country."

LOGICAL UNION Confederation With Canada Is Representative Sirovich's Idea

In room 580 of the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C., the restless hands of Representative William I. Sirovich, New York Democrat, flutter over the key-board of a typewriter. They stop from time to time and smooth back his graying hair. But they are pounding away when his window remains the only patch of light in the dark pile of masonry, and his diminutive figure only slightly resembles the dapper one which has held down a seat in the House since 1927. Representative Sirovich is working on a new play.

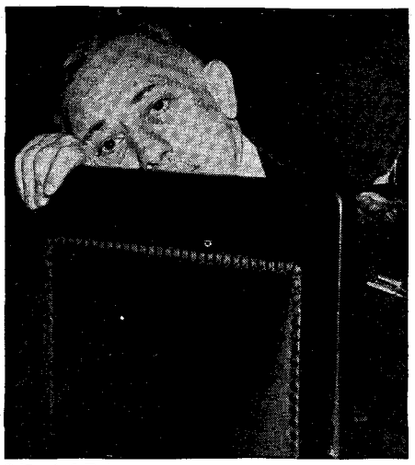
Versatile as a trap-drummer, the natty bachelor of fifty-four is a man of many interests. In the words of his East Side constituency, he is "a great statesman, surgeon, sociologist, banker, and playwright." And, like the young man in the song, he swings from one activity to the other with the greatest of ease.

Doctor Sirovich likes to tackle big problems. Last week he offered a solution for unemployment and overpopulation in the United States. It was simply, and logically, union with Canada.

Art Forte—His forte, however, is the world of art. He had scarcely taken his seat in the House when he started his fight against the tax on theater-tickets, denouncing it in the perfect diction and rapid-fire delivery he still uses.

His first play, "The Schemers," went on the boards in 1924. It took a resounding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© Harris & Ewing

Representative William I. Sirovich: He thought union with Canada would cure unemployment

whack at the drama critics of New York. The critics retaliated in their notices, and the play left the boards.

Eight years later, as head of the House Patents Committee, and author of a new copyright bill, Doctor Sirovich discovered the cause for the decline of the drama. It was none other than the critics. Incompetent, illiterate, he said they had roasted the theater out of existence with wisecracks. The critics all but made him eat his words.

But, next year, he set to work belaboring the motion-picture industry "where every one is overpaid but the writers." A "pernicious lobby" blocked him.

For 1935, Doctor Sirovich launched one of his most ambitious plans, the creation of a Department of Science, Art and Literature, to be housed in a building which would balance, architecturally, the new Supreme Court building. The campaign got lost in a forest of difficulties.

Ever dauntless, the little Representative uses each shattered lance for scratching out on the floor of the House a new campaign.

Gentle Reply—To his resolution for union with Canada the Buffalo *Courier-Express* replied gently: "We are both rather grown-up political entities. We live side by side in perfect harmony. We sometimes have stimulating rivalries; we have few disturbing differences. We are both fairly settled in our ways. We are both rather well satisfied with ourselves, and with each other as neighbors."

BLIGHT ON GREENERY

Tugwell Pushes His Resettlement Projects Despite Court Blow

One day last week 700 perspiring garment workers of New York, Newark and Philadelphia trooped along the dusty, unpaved streets of the custom-built Federal town of Jersey Homesteads, at Hightstown, New Jersey.

They saw, set back from the streets, 200 plain-looking tile and concrete bungalows, of five or six rooms, with brightly colored interiors, spacious closets and gleaming fixtures.

The houses squat on one-acre plots, and to occupy them 198 families paid down deposits of $500 two years ago after being selected from thousands of applicants by government inspectors.

As Jersey Homesteads, embracing in all 1,200 acres, fifty miles from New York, they form one of thirty-three self-sustaining projects which the Resettlement Administration of Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell is building throughout the land.

Cooperative, but as the Administration hastens to point out, not communistic, it is a complete town, modernly built, with schools, a fire-house, and a garment factory. There the workers plan to make and sell their products through their own agents. On the outskirts, a vernal backdrop of vegetable gardens and apple orchards enables them to produce to a large extent their own food.

Judges' Ruling—Back in their sky-scraper factories the next day, the sunburned workers read head-lines which cast an ominous shadow over their future homes. The District of Columbia Court of Appeals had enjoined the Resettlement Administration from continuing work on Greenbrook, a housing project providing suburban domiciles for city workers in Somerset County, New Jersey.

The Court held that nowhere in the Emergency Relief Act of 1935, under which Greenbrook is being financed, is there "a word or syllable authorizing a policy of resettling destitute or low-income families, nor does any authority appear for the organization of a resettlement administration for the purpose of establishing model communities."

As the decision affected only Greenbrook, Doctor Tugwell notified his staff of 15,866 assistant administrators, clerks, architects, surveyors, engineers, and field agents to carry on all other projects.

At all of the thirty-three "homestead" projects and at the three other "green" communities—Greenbelt, outside of Washington, D. C.; Greenhills, near Cincinnati, and Greendale, on the outskirts of Milwaukee—carpenters last week therefore continued to work.

On these two types of resettlement projects as well as for the purchase of submarginal land and the rehabilitation of poor farmers, the Tugwell Administration will have spent approximately $275,000,000 by the end of June.

As "The Plow That Broke the Plains," a Tugwellian propaganda film soon to be released, will show, the Resettlement Administration is to the depression-hit farmer what the WPA and the PWA are to the city dwellers.

By July 1 a total of 800,000 farm families alone will have been rehabilitated through loans amounting to $106,000,000, which must be repaid to the Government in five years.

What Editors Say—The apparent unpopularity of the program in many quarters was evidenced last week in press comment on the Court decision.

"Apparently Mr. Tugwell is to be thrown out of a job in so far as resettlement is concerned," said the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Ind.).

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) commented: "His operations are a costly luxury which should no longer be permitted to handicap real relief of the needy."

The Washington *Post* (Rep.) agreed: "No exhaustive research should be necessary to indicate the wisdom of liquidating this vast sprawling agency."

In defense, *The New Republic*, liberal weekly, declared: "We are not sure that Mr. Tugwell's own best interests are served by his remaining in Washington; but we are quite sure that if he goes, Mr. Roosevelt's standing among the liberals whose favor he so often courts in his speeches will be even further damaged than it is to-day."

SECURITY MINUS JOBS

Rail Employees Ousted in Coordination Program Win Allowances

Last week the Federal Government, already saddled with more than 10,000,000 unemployed, placed its stamp of approval on an agreement between representatives of the nation's railroads and their 1,000,000 workers which may throw 150,000 to 200,000 more men out of their jobs.

But the Administration saw to it that the 150,000 would not be shunted into the bread-lines, for the agreement provides that they will be taken care of financially for at least five years.

Behind the plan lay the age-old railroad problem of fading profits and red ink. Joseph B. Eastman, named Federal Transportation Coordinator to find a solution, worked out a program of mergers, consolidations and poolings of certain heretofore competitive services, particularly in railway terminals in large cities. The plan envisaged the saving to the railroads of $10,000,000 in Chicago alone, but it did not provide for the men who would be no longer needed.

Long Conferences—To settle that knotty problem representatives of the roads and labor haggled for five months.

Effective June 18, the agreement provides that employees demoted through coordination will continue to receive their old pay; that employees thrown out of work will receive a monthly "coordination allowance" amounting to 60 per cent. of their former pay, for sixty months if they have been employed for fifteen years; or that the latter may accept a lump "separation allowance."

In addition, the agreement insures payment of traveling expenses, and losses on rental leases and sales of homes for workers compelled to change their residences.

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, hailed the agreement as a "historic development."

Press Comment—The Newark (N. J.) *Ledger* (Ind.) thought "it should be an example to other industries, but unfortunately will not be," while the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.) believed the agreement was "socially and economically just."

The Dallas *News* (Ind.-Dem.) found the pact "a notable example of what can be done by fair-minded consideration of the problem on both sides," and *The Nebraska State Journal* (Lincoln, Ind.-Dem.) noted that it "smooths the way to rail consolidations."

"What we see clearly," said the New Haven (Conn.) *Journal Courier* (Ind.), "is one more version of the modern impact between the old drive for advance and the new insistence on security." The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* (Ind.) stressed that "both management and labor are deserving of high credit for this understanding."

The Cleveland *Press* (Ind.) noted that "the agreement makes unnecessary passage of the Wheeler-Crosser Bill."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Topics in Brief

TOWNSEND Planners had thousands to lead in prayer but nobody who could keep books.—*Toledo Blade.*

MUSSOLINI'S hardest chore just now is reviving Cæsar without reviving Cassius and Brutus also.—*Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.*

HAILE SELASSIE is a fatalist, and for years he has believed that whatever is going to happen, will happen. And it has. —*St. Louis Star-Times.*

IN the event the League of Nations wants an old, reliable excuse, it could say it didn't know Mussolini was loaded.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

DON'T ever say again that women can't back motor-cars. A lady in Cambridge backed one into an alley six inches narrower than the car.—*Boston Globe.*

"PREHISTORIC Fossils Found in Post-Office"—Head-line. However, Mr. Farley is replacing them with deserving Democrats as fast as he can.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE forthcoming production of "Romeo and Juliet"—one of Hollywood's nobler efforts—may be banned in Rome. It shows Norma Shearer on a balcony instead of Il Duce.—*Portland Oregonian.*

EASTERN flood control, which seemed pretty important about a month ago, will have to go over to a later Congress, probably on the general theory that as long as it doesn't rain we don't need it.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE law gives the pedestrian the right of way. It's the same type of protection the League of Nations gave Ethiopia.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

THAT New York veterinarian who revived a dog that had been dead ten minutes ought to be called in to look over the League of Nations.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WPA is not interested in Ripley's statement that it would take everybody on earth more than ten thousand years to count the molecules in one drop of water. —*Louisville Times.*

LEAGUE officials charge Mussolini, using Italian coffee trade patronage as a lever, influenced Guatemala to withdraw—the first to quit the League on coffee-grounds. —*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

DOC ECKENER, skipper of transoceanic Zeps, gets more and more ovations. This is not surprizing. He was popular over here even before he got in wrong with Hitler.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AFTER many years of theater-going, I still can't make up my mind whether most actors act and talk like Englishmen or whether most Englishmen act and talk like actors. — *George Jean Nathan in Atlanta Journal.*

CARS fueled with alcohol are being sent from Detroit to New Zealand, which has no "domestic gasoline supply." We learned during prohibition that there's practically no place without a domestic alcohol supply.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

PERSONALLY we think Mrs. Roosevelt's column contract is safe for another four years.—*Dallas News.*

AN Ohio professor finds only a faint reflection in facial expressions to emotions felt within. The prof is playing his poker in fast company.—*Detroit News.*

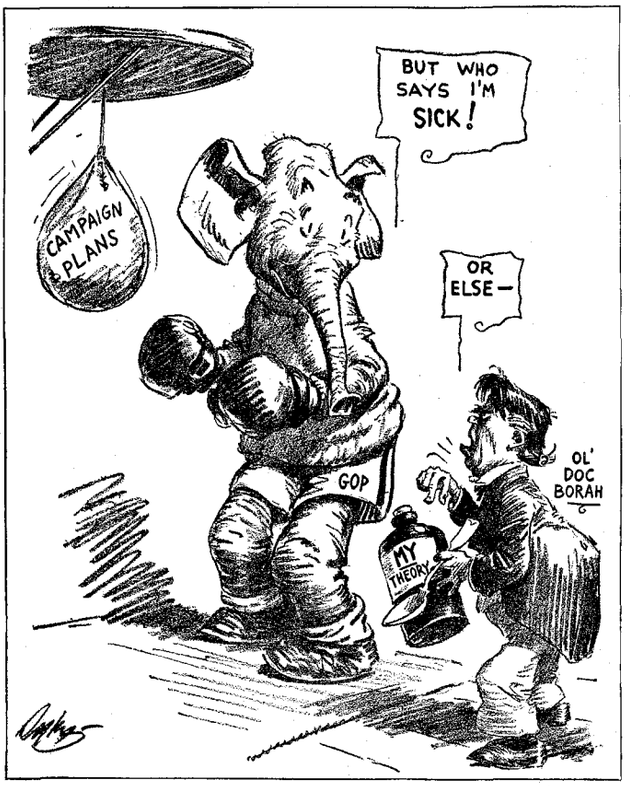
WHEN you consider how cautious Washington is getting about tossing away our billions, it might be a good idea to have a Presidential election every year.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

THINGS go faster than they did in 1914-1918. It probably won't take more than five years now to discover that Ethiopia actually won the war.—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

PRUDISH observers may object to allowing males of the younger generation to go around all summer without shirts, but we think it might give them a lot of valuable practise for what's going to happen to them when they start paying off the debts of the older generation.—*Boston Herald.*

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* reports that during April it received "informative material" from various agencies of the Federal Government, weighing thirty pounds and containing half a million words. We do not know if our esteemed contemporary regards that as a compliment or an insult. —*Detroit Free Press.*

THINGS are growing more complicated every day. Now that Lincoln Ellsworth has acquired title in behalf of the United States to 350 thousand square miles of territory in the antarctic, won't Mr. Wallace have to organize an expedition to go down there and plow under every third penguin?—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*



SO WHAT?
—Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

LIBERAL, CONSTRUCTIVE PLATFORM
BUILD IT ON ROCK, NOT SAND!
G.O.P. FALL CAMPAIGN (BUILDING) PLANS
BORAH
MERE CRITICISM OF NEW DEAL

WORDS OF WISDOM
—Messner in the Albany Knickerbocker Press

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING FORTRESS OF SEA-GIRT BRITAIN

Lawyer Turns Into War-Lord in Big Job Needing Grasp of Detail

Keystone

Under the direction of Sir Thomas Inskip, British Minister of Defense—

A new type of war-lord is Sir Thomas Inskip, bulky Minister for the Coordination of Defense in the British Empire.

Until Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin ordered him, last March, to doff the gray wig and black silk robe of Attorney-General, he was known mainly as a first-class lawyer, an ardent church layman, and a good Tory "with a comprehensive innocence of foreign and military affairs alike."

His chief fame, in fact, arose from his impassioned fight in the House of Commons against revision of the Church of England Prayer Book in 1928.

Once Britons got over their surprize that he had been hoisted into the Cabinet over the roars of sharp-tongued Winston Churchill, Minister of Munitions in 1917, who coveted the post, they found placid Sir Thomas a hard worker, with a great grasp of detail, if not much imagination.

But grasp of detail is precisely what is needed for a job that entails making a vast sea-girt fortress of the British Isles and their 50,000,000 people. In addition, he must devise safeguards for Britain's world-sprawled Empire, stretching from the air over London to the blue equatorial waters off Singapore.

Last week he dropped his kindly, almost missionary, manner—as a student in Cambridge he wanted to be one—and stalked into the House of Commons to talk about war.

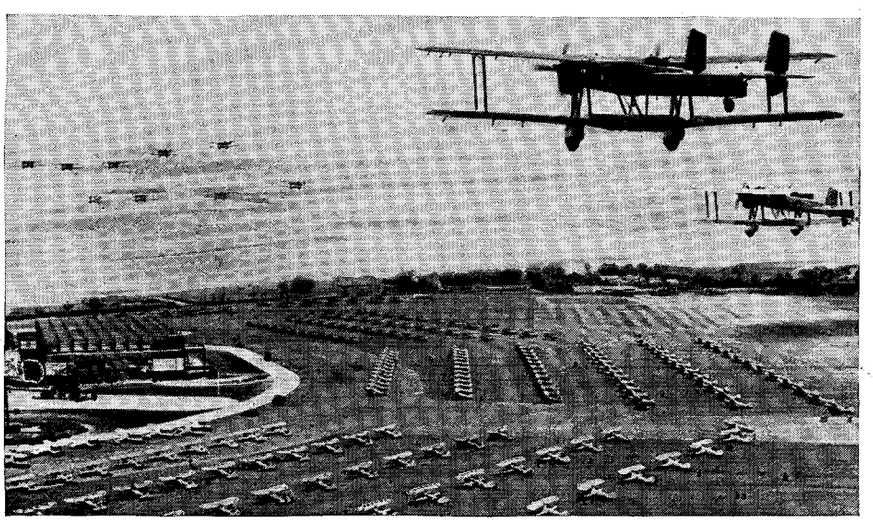
Program Outlined—Here he gave war-frightened Members of Parliament a hasty peek at the gigantic three-year program of aerial and naval defense which England is rushing.

1. The Royal Air Force is being expanded from 1,118 planes (in 1934) to 5,600 by next March. Fifteen hundred additional pilots are being trained.
2. Nine hundred industrial plants have been inspected for instant conversion into shell-making factories. Plans are modeled after America's M-Day (Mobilization-Day) program.
3. Motor-companies are building aviation plants to be paid for by the Government.
4. Remembering the submarine blockade of the War, food reserves are being stored in urban centers.

Sir Thomas, *The Manchester Guardian* said, had got on well with the military, in spite of their bewilderment over "this strange new irruption of an ordinary man into military *arcana*. Everybody has apparently been very kind to Sir Thomas."

But his maiden speech as Defense Minister gave cocky Winston Churchill, soured at the Baldwin Government because it has repeatedly passed him up, a field-day of scorn and ridicule.

Churchill Tart — The Government, he snarled, was suffering from "paralysis of phlegmatic composure." It would not be prepared until 1940, and war was most likely to break in 1938. By openly citing Italy and Germany as "new factors" in European antagonism, he created uproar in the House.



Wide World

—England will increase its air force to triple its present strength

"Germany has organized the whole nation for war," he cried. "Since the Nazi régime began three years ago, 4,000,000 more persons have been employed upon munitions or in the fighting forces. The English public has no idea of the efficiency of German war production."

Politically sophisticated Britons listened to all these speeches with a shade of skepticism. They realized that, tho the question of armament was pressing, much of this verbiage was mere jockeying for position in view of a possible Cabinet upset and general elections.

Even Prime Minister Baldwin's cry of: "Hands off Egypt and Palestine!" tho enthusiastically received by British patriots, was regarded as his "last card."

"Under no circumstances," he told the House, "will interference by Italy with the existing régimes in Egypt and Palestine be permitted." This statement, he added, was made "in view of the decision of the Italian Government to annex the whole of Ethiopia, and the consequent menace to our position in Africa and the Near East."

Between the lines of the Prime Minister's speech, Britons heard echoes of rumors concerning Italian propaganda to stir Arab and Egyptian ire against England into active flame. They recalled that Mussolini was feverishly arming the Mediterranean; and that indiscreet Italians had even hinted at bombing the Suez Canal.

Press Comment—"Il Duce's ambition is nothing less than the purely Napoleonic one of controlling the southeastern Mediterranean and the highway to the East," writes Ferdinand Tuohy, in *The Sphere*, illustrated London weekly. "The place to strike at England is in Egypt, wrote the young General Bonaparte, in 1799. Plus submarine and aircraft, can not the thing be accomplished a century and a third later?"

To this Lord Strabolgi, formerly Lt.-Cmdr. Joseph Montague Kenworthy of the Admiralty War Staff, retorts that Mussolini's Mediterranean ambitions are a pipe-dream.

Egypt? "They may not love the comparatively light rule of the British; but the last thing the Egyptians mean to accept is Fascist domination." Bombers? "They would be met by interceptor planes"—and 100 are ready. Sea-sleds, the deadly "water-bugs" of the Mediterranean, are not much good to begin with. British destroyers could easily tackle them.

In short, the "great Mediterranean bluff has failed. And it succeeded for a time only because the nerves of ignorant men were shaken."

DUMDUM BRITON Soft-Nosed Bullets in War Aftermath With Many-Aliased Colonel

Bernstein, Lawrence, Singleton, Radwell, Messler.

These aliases of a mysterious British subject pop up interminably in Scotland Yard records. Last week, as "Col. Pedro Lopez," his name popped up in the House of Commons. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, introduced it in what *The Manchester Guardian* called "as pretty a story of international trickery as was ever printed in a six-penny novel of *Ruritania*."

Throughout the Ethiopian war, Italian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Keystone

Dino Grandi . . . professed ignorance of the "story of international trickery"

newspapers frequently printed charges that British firms supplied the enemy with dumdum bullets, named for the old headquarters of the Bengal Artillery near Calcutta, India. When they strike a bone with their filed-off tips they mushroom into a gaping wound. Outlawed by The Hague Conference in 1899, these soft-nosed bullets still are manufactured for big-game hunting.

Last April, *Messaggero* (Rome) ran photographs of the banned cartridges, consigned, by George Bate, Ltd., of Birmingham, England, to Azaj Warqneh Martin, Emperor Haile Selassie's London Minister. Italy prepared a note for Geneva covering the case, but withdrew it.

"Colonel Lopez," according to Mr. Eden's fantastic story, approached the Birmingham firm with a forged letter from the Bank of Egypt authorizing him to buy arms for Haile Selassie. The Britons balked at including samples of the outlawed bullets until Colonel Lopez assured them the missiles would be used on Ethiopian leopards, not Italians. Then the firm obligingly signed a letter he dictated, guaranteeing the missiles' British origin.

Another Colonel—As "Col. Gustav Messler," "Lopez" next is said to have wangled a letter from Minister Martin listing arms requirements, including 3,000,000 soft-nosed bullets which the dark-skinned diplomat "failed to notice."

Meanwhile, the British Foreign Office learned "Colonel Lopez" was overly friendly with Lieut.-Col. Alberto Mondadori, Italian Military Attaché in London, and tipped off Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi that the "employment of a man of this disreputable type" would not help Anglo-Italian relations. Ambassador Grandi professed ignorance, but the meetings and the Italian press campaign continued.

"Whether Colonel Lopez hoodwinked the Italian Government or not—and the evidence strongly suggests he did not—the Italian Government had no difficulty in hoodwinking its subjects," Eden commented drily. "There is something awe-inspiring in such gullibility. That leg which is so proudly extended on the map of Europe has been definitely pulled."

When the scandal broke in the House of Commons "Colonel Lopez" had disappeared. Later *The Daily Herald* (London) identified him as Henry Lawrence, or Bernstein, a former music-hall magician.

Italian newspapers could not believe Mr. Eden's explanation. "The facts in his novel," *La Stampa* (Turin) reported, "remain incredible even after the book is read. London doesn't wish to understand that the real purpose of Italy's withdrawal of the recent note charging British manufacturers supplied the Ethiopians with dumdum bullets, was to avoid further exasperation of a situation already pregnant with danger."

London accepted the story, however, and *The Times* denounced the "gimcrack evidence." *The Manchester Guardian*, despairing of international morality, asked plaintively: "How is one to deal with such a Government?"

EXPANDING ESPIONAGE

Annoyance Over German Secret Police Activities Spreads to Britain

The *Gestapo* (short for *Geheime Staatspolizei* or Secret State Police), which clamps a tight grip over the Reich, is spreading its hand to most of the Capitals of Europe.

In the House of Commons last week Anthony Eden, nonchalant Foreign Secretary, nervously refused to answer a Laborite who asked whether Britain would protest to Berlin on the police's London activities. Hans Wesemann, German sentenced to three-years' imprisonment for kidnaping Berthold Jakob across the Swiss frontier, had informed a Basle Court that while in England he mailed home reports in the privileged diplomatic mail-bag.

Meanwhile Prague, haven of refugees who slip across the Czech border, found the dreaded secret agents hounding Left-wing *emigrés* there. Police seized a Breslau Storm Trooper who bribed his way into a German Aid Society, and photographed records of political prisoners' escapes. On twelve trips to Germany the brownshirt supplied evidence which landed the victims' relatives and friends in concentration camps.

Machinery Slips—A year ago the *Gestapo* slumped with inefficiency. Only two chauffeurs were available at a given time to man the department's twenty-five automobiles. Frequently, wanted men boarded trains at unwatched frontier stations. Confessions dragged from prisoners got lost in the files. *The Manchester Guardian* found the agents' very cruelties the result of maladministration rather than "deliberate wickedness."

Then Prussian Premier Hermann Wilhelm Goering, bulky head of the organization, and its Chief of Police, Heinrich Himmler, whose personal charm cloaks absolute ruthlessness, reformed the amateurish sleuths. Now the blackshirt-guarded office at 8 Prince Albrechtstrasse bulges with fat *dossiers* on prominent Britishers, Frenchmen, Czechs, and Austrians opposed to Nazi policies.

Terror's Net—In Germany an involved system shadows every phase of life. One department opens letters and telegrams and listens in on telephone conversations. Another trails *emigrés*. A third keeps track of aliens in the Reich. Special agents even check up on brownshirts and Federal police. Factories swarm with decoy workmen who attack the régime. They distribute Red literature—disguised as cook-books, time-tables, Tauchnitz classics—then seize sympathetic fellow workers.

Party members help out the secret police in a wide-spread terror. Every Nazi is a potential spy, under orders to report all signs of discontent. At home Germans live under the eyes of a watcher who must know the political opinions of every one in the block. In fear of the *Gestapo*, families close their windows and draw the shades before whispering some innocent remark on the butter shortage.

But the police cruelty which the Manchester daily laid to lack of organization did not cease when the *Gestapo* became "one of the most efficient instruments of tyrannical power in the world." Instead, it

Schall Photo. From Leon Daniel

Gen. Wilhelm Hermann Goering, head of Germany's Gestapo, "one of the most efficient instruments of tyrannical power in the world"

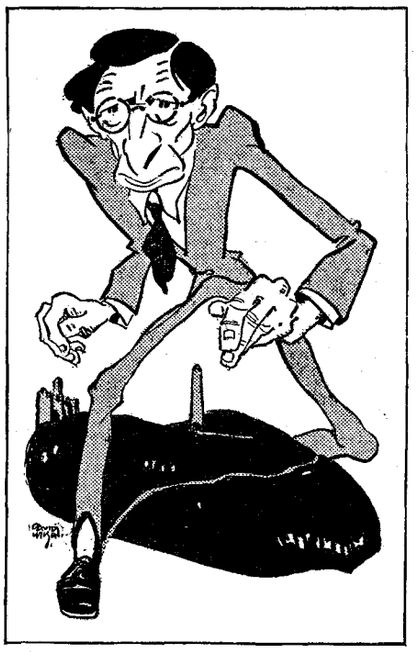
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too improved. Police, a young refugee told the Prague *Neue Weltbuehne*, have discarded the lead-tipped dog-whips they used at first. Now when they beat prisoners they substitute sand-bags, which have the same effect and leave no marks.

A SENATE GOES De Valera Lops Off Upper House of Irish Free State Government

Draping his lean figure in customary long gaberdine overcoat and large black hat, Eamon De Valera, President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, strode nimbly down Kildare Street, Dublin, from his office in the Government Building to dim-lit Leinster House, seat of the *Oireachtas*, or Parliament, one day last week.

There he marched into the chambers of



Caricature by David Wilson in *The Evening Standard* (London)

Eamon De Valera . . . still on top in "John Bull's other island"

the *Dail Eireann* (Lower House), stroked his long nose and introduced to the 153 representatives a decree abolishing the *Seanad Eireann* (Upper House, or Senate).

Across the hall the sixty senators conjured up Irish wit in valedictory addresses on their own extinction. Most of them knew that the *Seanad Eireann* had degenerated into a catch-basin for politicians unsuccessful in the *Dail Eireann* elections.

Tauntingly, therefore, one of them wished his colleagues thorough enjoyment of their "well-earned obscurity." More serious minds, roundly piqued by their demise, deftly flung the opprobrium "dictator" at the stubborn New York-born mathematics teacher who has retained a firm grip upon the 3,000,000 ardent souls of *John Bull's* "other island" during his four years as President.

Eamon De Valera, a public speaker notably without particular eloquence, never smiles and last week, facing his critics, he kept his poker-face aspect. To many Irishmen he is the "cleverest politician" and the "worst statesman" the Emerald Isle has ever had. Some patriots even sneer that "he is kept in office because there is no one else to take his place," even tho they honored him once as one of the leaders sentenced to death after the abortive Easter revolt of 1916.

"The next thing to go will be the *Dail* as a representative assembly," growled aged Senator Oliver St. J. Gogarty. "Ten minutes of De Valera in England would have dislocated everything from a watch to a steam-turbine. Here, he has only the seasons to dislocate and the Senate. He has dislocated both."

More moderate, the Dublin *Irish Times* protested: "The case against the Free State Senate has not been proved, but even if it had been, the wise course would have been to devise another system, rather than abolish the House forever."

Most bitter against De Valera is the I. R. A.—Ireland's unseen Republican Army—which put him in office and is now chafing under his policy of "a Republic to-morrow, but never a Republic to-day."

More Complaint—They charge that when he came into power, the dour-faced Irish rebel proclaimed his intention of governing without coercion. Now, after three years, "there is more coercion than ever."

"The Military Tribunal," they complain in *The Manchester Guardian*, liberal English daily, "has been revived and is kept fully employed. There is a newly-enrolled special branch of police, expert in the use of arms. Mr. De Valera is also coercing large bodies of substantial farmers."

The breach was widened last week when Mr. De Valera's police pounced down on Maurice Twomey, commander of the I. R. A., and Ira Conlehane, Chief of Staff, as they were leaving mass in a suburban church near Dublin.

Both were hustled off to Bridewell Prison, where they were held under the Public Safety Act. This law makes even the refusal to answer police questions a dire offense.

Other dramatic midnight raids since May 1 have brought the I. R. A. and its former leader into irreconcilable conflict. In Cork and Waterford, South Ireland, thirty-one young Republicans were rounded up and clapped in Dublin dungeons. As in the days when Ireland was under "the shadow of a gunman," several of them shot it out with the raiders.

Press Comment—Subsequently *An Phoblacht*, weekly organ of the I. R. A., was suppressed. All of which, observes *The London Times*, has hardly been conducive to quiet in the Celtic Isle.

"There have now been three political murders within a year. The first was the son of a land-agent, striving to defend his father; the second, a kind old retiring admiral of seventy-three who was helping poor boys to get a job [recruiting for the Army]; and now, the third victim is one of 'themselves,' who knew too much about Murder No. 2.

"This revival of crime has driven numbers [of Dubliners] into the depths of despair. They believed that once the 'yoke of the foreign oppressor' had been shaken off, the people would be law-abiding. They are now sadly disillusioned."

Despite all this, *The News-Chronicle* (London), finds "De Valera still on top, with little to fear from the mixed opposition to his rule."

It is true, this newspaper believes, that the opposition is still supplied with arms secretly dumped into the country. One consignment of machine-guns and small arms from England was as large as the defensive equipment of the Ethiopian Army at the outset of the war with Italy.

Still, adds *The News-Chronicle*, "De Valera has behind him, not only most of the peasants in the rural areas, but also most of the middle classes in the towns and members of the great submiddle class, probably the largest element in the nation."

BELGIAN BALLOTS Professorial Premier Campaigning for Job He Doesn't Want

A self-effacing man of forty-two with a toothbrush mustache took off his little derby hat, flashed his keen, studious eyes as he shook the gnarled hands of peasant Flemings and Walloons in Belgian villages all last week.

Premier Paul van Zeeland, unwillingly yanked from his desk as Deputy Governor of the National Bank of Belgium a year ago to pull his country out of an economic slough, was campaigning to return his coalition Government to office. He was doing his level best to elect among the 202 Deputies and 101 Senators facing the polls a large sprinkling of his Catholic, Liberal, and Social Democratic colleagues.

Most of Belgium, solidly behind him, earnestly felt that whatever the upshot of the general election, he would continue to hold the job he does not want.

Learned Banker—Economics professor and banker, he took office only at the personal urging of his friend King Leopold. He was not even a member of Parliament. Working as usual fourteen hours a day, he threw his tremendous energy into lifting his country out of the depression.

A Princeton graduate-student and Johns Hopkins lecturer, M. van Zeeland sponsored a controlled economy on the Roosevelt model. Older politicians croaked dire warnings over his program.

"I am very much afraid," former Premier Henri Jaspar told the Deputies, "that the Prime Minister is being too deeply influenced by his reading and by his

Caricature by Zoppy in *Le Matin* (Paris)

Premier Paul van Zeeland of Belgium: He is not interested in politics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travels. Traveling educates youth, but sometimes distorts it."

M. van Zeeland, who left Louvain University to enlist in the War, and won the Belgian Croix de Guerre before Germans captured him, remained undaunted. He devalued the belga 28 per cent. Soon wholesale prices leapt 24 per cent., altho the cost of living went up a mere 9.

By the beginning of 1936, the keen-eyed Premier could produce a $1,762,501,000 budget with a $4,563,000 surplus, against a $7,000,000 deficit last year. France, obstinately clinging to the gold franc, saw her neighbor edge toward prosperity.

Himself a Catholic, "with no wish to be embroiled in politics," M. van Zeeland formed a Coalition Government. As Minister of Public Works and Unemployment he named Henri de Man, Socialist author of an antidepression work-plan widely approved by Continental Left-Wingers.

In office, M. de Man ceased clamoring for nationalization of monopolies. Under M. van Zeeland's conservative guidance, the public works he sponsored had to be paying propositions. Even so, at the end of the first year he could congratulate himself on having found jobs for 100,000 of Belgium's 300,000 unemployed.

New Parties—Liberals hoped to receive credit for the defense plans of National Defense Minister Albert Devèze. Backed by the King, he strung a line of forts along the German frontier. Moreover, he pushed, and has virtually completed, the Meuse-Antwerp Canal, whose floods could check an attack from across the Dutch border.

For a time the Ministers believed they had saved the monarchy from fascism. But two new parties emerged. Realists headed by an Antwerp business man demanded double salaries for all employees, and an $850 gift for newlyweds.

Leon Degrelle, fiery thirty-year-old agitator, became disgusted with the well-entrenched leaders of the Catholic Party and left it to form the Rexists.

M. Degrelle's intensive drive to "clean up politics" made life miserable for many veteran parliamentarians. No one expected him to oust M. van Zeeland. The voters—2,644,664 men and 8,043 women who got the suffrage as War widows or heroines—are too grateful to the professor who started Belgium toward prosperity again.

STEEL VELVET Mexican President Acts Deftly to Check Rail Strike, But Resentment Lingers

In a modest sitting-room on the outskirts of Los Angeles last week, a heavy, slit-eyed man wagged his grizzled head knowingly and a brief smile illumined his stubbly olive-drab cheeks. Head-lines in a Mexico City newspaper told him that his one-time protégé, President Lázaro Cárdenas, had barely weathered what might have been a ruinous railroad strike.

Six weeks before, when Gen. Plutarco Elías Calles, for four years (1924-'28) President, and for more than a decade "Strong Man" of the second largest North American Republic, had been arrested, pushed into a plane, and dropped over the Rio Grande into San Antonio, Texas, he had remarked bitterly that "Mexico is a boiling caldron of dissatisfaction; it is for

Acme

Vicente Lombardo Toledáno, fiery leader of the Confederation of Mexican Workers

labor and the middle classes to organize and fight communism."

Guess or prophecy, his prediction all but came true when red flags were hoisted over stations of the National Railways on May 18 as 48,000 workers struck. Then, turned down by the Federal Board of Conciliation, which ruled their strike illegal, railwaymen turned to Cárdenas, begging higher wages, and a weekly rest-day with full pay.

Suavely fixing them with passionate, deep-set eyes, the serious President told labor-leaders never to forget the "unmistakable proofs" of his "intention to fight for the betterment of the working classes." Not a muscle of his immobile Tabascan features betrayed the firm intent behind his velvety words. But ere they had left, he began acting.

Firm Action—Through the War Department he had wired commanders of military zones along the railroad's 8,245-mile system to enforce the antistrike decision. Reminding the strikers that the Federal Government owned 51 per cent. of the railroad's stock, he sent word to them that if they persisted he would have to man the road with soldiers.

Pickets hauled down the red flags and went to work empty-handed, their one-day strike over. But not their resentment.

Radical members of the powerful Confederation of Mexican Workers accused Señor Cárdenas, elected as the "péons' messiah" and "labor's stanch friend," of betraying their fiery, lean-jawed leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledáno. Juan Gutierrez, Secretary-General of the Railway Syndicate, an affiliate of the Confederation, hinted a general strike as he thundered:

"The attack on the right to strike, which the Constitution guarantees to workers, will be a problem to be solved not only by the railways, but also by all organized workers of Mexico."

Leaving all factions puzzled, Señor Cárdenas suddenly left Mexico City for "somewhere in Morelos Province" to celebrate his forty-third birthday, and think out a plan to pacify labor.

Press Reactions—Commending his stand on the strike, *El Nacional*, official organ of the National Revolutionary Party, said: "Cárdenas's offer of half of the strikers' demands are being maintained in practise. His principles convinced the Laborites, however, that, besides being a friend of the proletariat, Cárdenas is chief of all the Mexican people."

El Porvenir, independent Monterrey newspaper with Catholic leanings, accused Cárdenas of being prolabor in the Monterrey industrialist labor conflict, but antilabor when it came to the railway strike.

Excelsior, independent Mexico daily with conservative tendencies, said: "Fortunately for the nation's workmen and the railway, strikers returned to their posts. This disciplined act, as well as the Government's firm attitude, are worthy of applause."

FASCIST COUP Toro, Hero of Chaco War, Seizes Power in Bolivia

In the National Palace fronting dainty flower-beds and straggling trees of Plaza Murillo in Bolivia's Capital of La Paz last week, tall Col. David Toro, thirty-seven, barked orders as South America's second fascist dictator in three months. In Paraguay Col. Rafael Franco seized power last February.

Away in distant Chaco Province to allay suspicion, Toro, Bolivia's hero of the Gran Chaco war with Paraguay, engineered one of the swiftest and smoothest *coups d'etat* on record. Led by Col. German Busch, acting Army Chief of Staff, and lean Gen. Alfredo Peñaranda, his followers crept upon the Palace in the dead of night, overpowered guards and forced President Jose Luis Tejada Sorzano, who had seized the reins himself in 1934, to resign.

Without as much as batting an eyelash on his pasty face, the President lifted his corpulent bulk from his bed, hustled across the square to the Capitol, where he affably signed away his office for a pledge of personal freedom.

The next day La Paz's 146,000 white and *mestizo* inhabitants awoke to find in charge a *junta* consisting of high ranking army officers and officials of the Republican Socialist, the National Socialist and the Socialist Parties.

Officials Ousted—Objecting to the presence of some Republican Socialists, Colonel Toro promptly forced the *junta* to resign, announced he favored a new clique composed of military men and members of his National Socialist party. He said he planned to pattern the Constitution on Radical Socialist principles with a view to improving conditions for workers.

The coup was an indirect result of the misery and discontent growing out of the Chaco War, which ended in a truce in June, 1935. Public dissatisfaction over the Army's failure to win the war caused a political impasse.

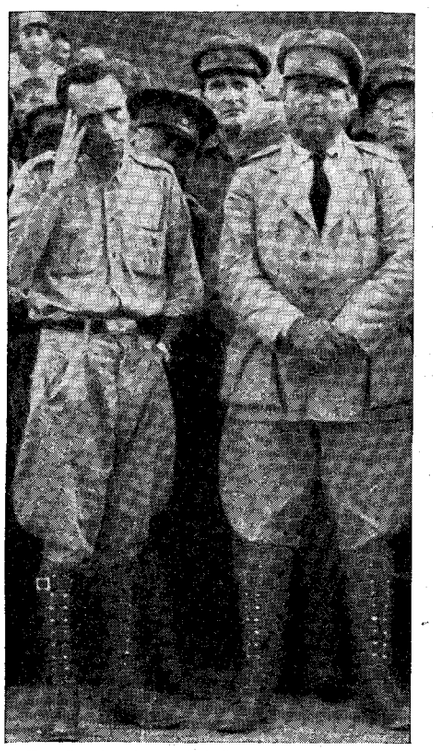
Harassed Tejada Sorzano refused to suspend during the campaign for the Presidential elections May 31 a state of siege which had existed during most of his régime.

Army leaders held that the 3,000,000 Bolivians were opposed to holding the poll at that time.

While the President was tussling with this problem, the Labor Federation declared a nation-wide strike.

The first acts of the *junta* were to order a wage increase, which ended the strike;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© Kurt Severin. From Black Star

Col. David Toro (right), Bolivia's dictator, with his assistant, Gen. Alfredo Peñaranda

cancel the presidential elections, promise devaluation of currency and reduced living costs. "Privileged economic circles have acquired such predominance within the Government in past years that they have formed a superstate," read the *junta's* manifesto.

Critics of the Toro Party, however, said he was planting the seeds of a fascist dictatorship under the guise of socialism.

Effective Leader — Fair-complexioned, paunchy, his blue eyes aglow with a "strong man's" magnetism, Colonel Toro is a shrewd politician and strategist. A political boss type, he is accountably brusk in his way, confident of the power of the machine he has built up after a number of politically ambitious years. Tho the Army forbids politics, Colonel Toro mixed in it for years with immunity, serving on occasion as Minister of State. Like Franco of Paraguay, he led his Army to many victories in the Chaco war.

Accusing the ousted régime of inequality, he said he saw in the hearts of the people a "vehement desire to correct errors in the Constitution and organize a new nation based on justice, equity and equality."

WAR FEAR IN CHINA

Japan Centers More Troops at Gaps in Great Wall

Stevedores and petty merchants in Chinwangtao, ramshackle port in North China where the Great Wall runs down to the Yellow Sea, watched glumly last week as four gray ships warped into the harbor. From their masts flapped the Rising Sun emblem of Japan.

Sharp commands rang out; down the gangplank in brisk squads marched 5,000 shaven-headed Nippon soldiers, armed with the world's most modern war machines. Poured into trains, they were whisked out to garrisons in Peiping, Tientsin and other strategic military points along the Great Wall.

From Tokyo came bland assurances that Japan was merely making its usual "replacements." Further news about Japan's North China garrisons, however, would henceforth be tabu.

Garrisons Enlarged—Canny Chinese shook their heads gravely, estimating that in the previous two weeks, with Europe tangled up in the Ethiopian squabble, Nippon had quietly jacked up its North China forces from 1,800 to 8,000. Just as quietly, it has consolidated autonomous régimes in Chahar and Hopei, thereby detaching from China an area as big as California, populated by 50,000,000 people.

Did this mean that the "breathing spell" caused by Tokyo's Army mutiny of last February was now over, and Japan was once more resuming its "Asiatic program"? Would the next step see five great northern Provinces—Suiyuan, Chahar, Shansi, Shantung and Hopei, an area as big as Texas and New Mexico combined—slide under the thumb of Tokyo, as Manchukuo did four years ago?

Would Henry Pu Yi, fragile boy Emperor of Manchukuo, once pushed from the Yellow Dragon throne of his ancestors, be reinstated by Japanese rifles under the porcelain tiles of Peiping's forbidden imperial city?

Fearfully, Nanking—seat of China's harassed Central Government—dispatched a note of protest. Diplomats of General Chiang Kai-shek, "strong man" of China, brushed aside Japan's concern over the encroachment of Communism, anti-Japanese boycotts and agitation, and rumors of a secret Sino-Soviet mutual assistance pact. All these, complained the note, were smoke-screens for Japan's "ulterior motives."

Ready for Drive—Unruffled, Japan enlarged its skeleton officer staff along the Peiping-Mukden railroad—a line owned partly by British capital. Before the gaps in the Great Wall, it massed trucks and men, which, at a moment's notice, could plunge like a spearhead into central and southern China. Britons, too, were disturbed.

In Washington, William Phillips, lanky Acting Secretary of State, hinted that America, too, was troubled by Japanese gestures. He repledged the United States to observance of the Nine-Power Treaty of 1921, which, while creating "spheres of influence" for Great Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal, America and Japan, nevertheless guaranteed the integrity of China's territory.

Meanwhile, Chinese recalled bitterly that Japan has expanded in Asia by means of six successive grabs, each at China's expense. In 1895 the Island of Formosa was seized. In 1904 Port Arthur followed, and six years later the much more important Peninsula of Korea. Manchuria, the biggest prize—and the most resented—came next, in 1932. Jehol was added to it in 1933, to form the Empire of Manchukuo in 1934. Since then, Japan has set up autonomous county councils around the Great Wall, ending with Autonomous Chahar-Hopei and Autonomous East Hopei in 1935 and 1936.

So enraged are Chinese by these latest maneuvers of their Asiatic neighbor, that many predict a Sino-Japanese war.

"Before the year is out Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek will be forced to make a desperate choice," writes H. J. Timperley, a Hongkong resident, in current *Asia* "That choice may well lie between accepting on behalf of China a status of virtual Japanese protectorate or refusing—at the risk of unofficial but none the less disastrous war with Japan.

"It is an open secret that as far as Chiang Kai-shek can be said to have any policy for dealing with the Japanese situation it is to play for time. If he has to fight Japan—and there is a growing feeling in Nanking that war is inevitable—he wants it to be a successful one."

Verifying these beliefs, Hu Shih, leading philosopher of China, writes in the same periodical: "Even I, who have been twenty-five years a pacifist, now think that if China is forced to a war with Japan, I will support it. Japan is forcing China to fight—I can see no other way."

QUIXOTIC RULER Azana Seeks to Guide Spain, Rent by Contending Factions

The warm Castilian sun slants through the French windows of the *baroque* National Palace in Madrid. A morning breeze from the olive-strewn plateau rustles the golden damask curtains in the one-time bedchamber of the Queen Mother, Maria Christina. Now the office of the President of the Republic, the great room has a look of emptiness, altho it is eleven in the morning.

Suddenly a gold telephone on the cherry-wood desk shrills. In the silken depths of an enormous *fauteuil* a bulbous figure stirs. A grotesquely abbreviated arm reaches out, its pudgy, ringless fingers drawing the instrument to a heavy face that appears to be made of greenish bread-dough. The frog-like emerald eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles blink sleepily. A voice that might also belong to a frog croaks a solitary "*si*."

It is not a frog; but Don Manuel Azaña, who jumped nimbly from a hunted garret to the Premiership of Spain, from a warship prison to the Presidency.

This week, his second in that high office, all Spain and the world still were wondering if the placid, baldish little playwright-politician who drove Alfonso from the throne and seized for the *peons* the lands of their grandee oppressors would find the great stone pile in the Plaza de Oriente his last and most escape-proof prison. For the new Spanish Constitution stipulates that, during his six years as President, this man who built a mighty political Party shall remain aloof from party politics.

No doubt *El Presidente* wonders too, as he sees the hastily-cemented coalition of Left Catalonians, Radical Socialists, Galician Federalists, and Azañistas slowly disintegrate. He can not but recall painfully that when Alcala Zamora, his predecessor both as Premier and as President, barred the path of extremists with a stubborn defense of the Jesuits, he was "exiled."

Governmental Skipper—Now, as the new Chief of State gazes down, a trifle sorrowfully perhaps, upon the unhurried backs of his countrymen, tiny specks in the great plaza, he must realize that not only his but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spain's hour of trial is at hand. For six years he steered the creaking ship of state deftly between the Scylla of communism and the Charybdis of reaction. But his crew was mutinous; the Socialists who brought him to power, the Anarcho-Syndicalists and Bolshevists who returned him to power for the last time, despise him for the liberal, *bourgeois* intellectual he confesses to being.

To-day, as in November, 1934, when he was a prisoner aboard a destroyer in Barcelona Harbor, a chorus of voices is sneering that he is "through." The Radicals who delight in throwing bombs and burning churches insist that history will identify him as the Kerensky of the Spanish Revolution; or perhaps the Robespierre. Most emphatically no Napoleon, he seems at the moment to resemble Mirabeau more than any one else; or Mirabeau's modern disciple of remodeling-to-save-rebuilding—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Pictures, Inc.

Manuel Azaña, President of Spain: He steered the ship well, but found the crew mutinous

His acquaintance with the empty side of life began almost in the cradle. A Castilian, born in Cervantes's university town of Alcala de Henares, near Madrid, fifty-six years ago, the bulging-headed boy Azaña knew a dull and loveless childhood. Brought up as an orphan by a cold patrician grandmother, he came to hate the dark, forbidden reaches of her gloomy, aristocratic house. From it he went to the monastic El Escorial, where solemn Augustinian friars beat into his dwarf frame the stiff morals of law and the dour laws of morals; the law he digested.

Playtime Intervals—There began the only carefree interlude in an existence that was soon to be crowded with cares. The young Doctor of Laws met many pretty Señoritas, and Señoras too; divided his ample time between them and ponderous tomes. The courtliness of his race and caste, the charm of saffron words, blue violets, and amber wine, dissolved the first instinctive womanly shrinking from the misformed gnome and the warts that outlined flabby jowls. In time they flattered him with their confidences.

So, with all the zest of a Latin, he lived. Life began at ten or eleven with a Continental breakfast of rolls and coffee; at two he heatedly defended Anatole France against the slurs of fellow authors, over a steaming dish of *cocido* or *fabada,* washed down with Andalusian wine; then, winded by light words and heavy sauces, he took the inevitable Spanish *siesta.*

Cool nights were given over to magnificent dinners, and to the theater, which he loved and shared with the women whom he also loved. On taking his leave of his favored maiden or matron, he would sit into the night composing sonnets to her, or bubbling essays extolling the new-found *joie de vivre.*

Maintained thus comfortably by an inherited income, he troubled neither about the lot of king-ruled, and exploited peasants, nor his own future. Then, at thirty, the stunning news that his father's estate and those of his brothers and sisters were wiped out through bad investments. What will he do now?

Calmly, stoically, he bids farewell to a brief chapter; grimly he shuts himself up in a room to learn quickly all that is necessary to pass the examination for an important post in the Department of Justice. He gets it; but it is not enough for a soul that has learned again to be restless.

Finishing Education—Within two years he is in Paris—the Paris of his dreams—studying at the Ecole de Droit. But he is studying much more than law, for his classroom is France, the mother of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. What does France have to teach this mild-mannered Spaniard, as self-effacing as an English bank clerk, that Voltaire and Rousseau have not already taught him?

First, that men can, and probably should, be equal. This is a novel discovery for a man who has never had to think about it. Second, that the power of any government, that of a citizens' republic no less than that of a king, rests with its army. Amazed, delighted, the shy intellectual went prowling through Les Invalides, fingering seventy-fives; trudged to the Ecole Militaire to hear lectures on tactics. An internationalist and, as befits a highly cultured spirit, a thoroughly pacifistic mind busies itself with bullets. Hiding behind the name of a medieval devil, the militant essayist writes of spring in Madrid newspapers and of shock troops in Paris pamphlets. Then a full-sized book: "On the Military Policy of France." Why? "Because I knew that in twenty years I would be War Minister of Spain," he smiled. It was only nineteen years.

Back to Madrid he hastened when Primo de Rivera's dictatorship crumbled; into the Ateneco Club, to which all Spanish intellectuals had taken their grievances against the Bourbons, he brought the fruits of his French sojourn. A few months later an hysterical monarch arrested half a hundred Atenistas; inside prison walls they drafted the first Cabinet of the first Spanish Republic. Azaña had eluded the police, slipping through back alleys behind a false beard which concealed both his plans and his double chin; his colleagues named him Minister of War as a matter of course.

Dictatorial—First problem of the new Minister was the Army; its high officers were traditionally monarchist. On the broad steps of the Ministry a predatory general and his grinning staff waited to greet the poet-in-arms; up those broad steps Azaña strode, his short legs quaking with apprehension. "Gentlemen," he shouted, "any of you who feels unable to serve the Republic with a clear conscience may resign—and draw full pay for life." Fourteen thousand sprang at this endless *siesta;* with the remainder he created a Republican host.

Twice, in the first year after Alcala Zamora was shelved for Azaña, the blinking dwarf was to have occasion to show that his mind was quicker than his smile. When the Catalonians demanded autonomy he surprized them no less than the world by giving it to them, thus ending a 300-year-old problem, for the moment at least.

When General Sanjurjo revolted, just as the Premier was trying to force through the Cortes his land reforms, the statesman decreed that all those suspected of following the soldier would forfeit their lands without compensation; thus the State became the overnight possessor of 3,000,000 acres valued at $100,000,000.

Two years later, when the elections went against the Left, this Jeffersonian *Don Quixote* led the unsuccessful Catalan revolt; paid for it with a few weeks' imprisonment, returned triumphantly to the Premiership, then up to the Presidency.

But is the Presidency up or down? There are many in Spain who believe that the personally cold, politically passionate author who worked fifteen hours a day to free his countrymen has at last been trapped by his numerous enemies and thrown into a glass cage. Certainly if the radicals continue to gain power, they will have no place for a well-born anti-Marxist; and the Rightists and clericals do not trust him.

He remains inscrutable. People who have known him for twenty years often sigh: "*Si,* I have known Don Manuel since he was a boy—but I do not know him at all." An ardent woman admirer remarked that "he is the greatest man Spain has had in a hundred years. I am utterly devoted to him. But he is not nice."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSEUM SETS AFRICAN JUNGLE IN U. S.

Akeley's Dream of Preserving Vanishing Wild Life Comes True

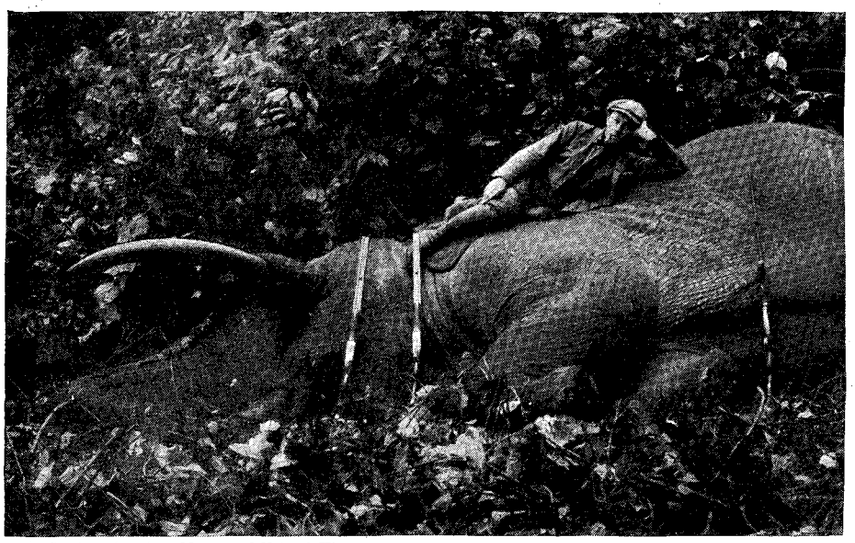


Photo Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

The late Carl E. Akeley . . . was inspired by a bull elephant

Elephants! Eight of them on a plain beneath a yellow African sun! The leader stood frozen with uplifted trunk, scenting trouble. A baby elephant huddled close to its mother; a powerful young bull turned to guard the rear of the herd. It was into this bit of "Brightest Africa" that visitors walked when the doors of the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York opened last week.

The charge of a bull elephant in Africa twenty-seven years ago started the germination of the idea from which this lifelike group developed. The victim of that charge was the late Carl E. Akeley, naturalist. In the emergency his gun failed to go off. There was only one possible escape from death. Grasping the flashing tusks as if they were parallel bars, he swung his slight but wiry body between them. But he was flattened on the ground, he said afterward, "like a prayer-rug."

As a result Akeley spent three months in the hospital. And during this enforced idleness he formulated the plans which to-day have reached fruition as if in a scene from Kipling's "Kim" brought to America.

Vanishing Animals—Unlike many of his contemporaries, Akeley saw that much of the wild life in Africa would soon be extinct. Civilization was closing in on the wild country he loved and the last great animals of the Age of Mammals were making their final stand there and losing the battle. Before it was too late, Akeley wanted to preserve them in truthful likenesses, surrounded by the trees, grasses, rocks, and even the soil on which they were accustomed to tramp.

It was a gigantic project; it would cost millions. But with the financial aid and moral encouragement of his good friends the late President Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, he set out on the task which was to become his life-work.

Akeley had become a naturalist through his interest in mounting mammals. No mere animal stuffer was he! At sixteen, he had cards printed stating he did "artistic taxidermy in all its branches." His young imagination saw beyond the stuffing of animal skins with hay, cotton, or old rags, with ferocity the only expression.

A self-taught sculptor, inventor, naturalist, and explorer, Akeley devised a revolutionary method of mounting animals. He made a clay model, if possible, on the animal's own skeleton. Then he cast a plaster mold about the model, removed it, and built inside it a "manikin" of burlap, wire mesh, and *papier-mâché* reinforced with wood ribs. The manikin he then took out of the mold and reassembled, gluing the tanned hide of the animal to it so that each wrinkle and skin detail was carefully fashioned before the mounting dried.

Room Provided—The result, more costly and harder to make than a bronze statue, was realistic and sturdy. The Museum authorities liked it. So Akeley proposed to the late Doctor Osborn, then President of the American Museum of Natural History, an African Hall. Colonel Roosevelt and other friends contributed, and Akeley returned again to the Africa whose beauty bewitched him.

He made many trips during the following years, taking along with him sculptors, artists, botanists, and photographers. He wanted to catch the color, action, and atmosphere, "the splendor that is Africa." And as the moving-picture cameras of his day were so slow, he invented the Akeley camera, resembling a gun, which was the first of the fast motion-picture cameras for outdoor work.

To help him prepare mountings and sets, he also invented a gun-like device to shoot liquid cement. This Akeley cement gun helped build the concrete ships of the Army Transport during the World War.

Through Daniel E. Pomeroy, a Trustee of the Museum, in 1925, Akeley met the late George Eastman, kodak millionaire. Bluntly, Akeley asked for $1,000,000. He got $100,000 in cash and money in addition to finance another expedition for still more specimens.

Akeley was jubilant. Altho he had been warned by physicians to remain in America because of a jungle fever he had contracted during previous explorations, he went ahead with his plans. The Eastman, Pomeroy, Akeley Expedition, 1926-'27, was to be the crowning achievement of his career.

Upon reaching Africa, Akeley saw that his prediction of 1909 was rapidly coming true. The big game was all but gone; even natural conditions were changing. In his zeal to collect as much as possible, Akeley overtaxed his strength. Jungle fever again seized him and he died in a camp on the Upper Congo. At his dying request, he was buried nearby in the solid volcanic rock on the side of Mount Mikeno.

Two kinds of animals fascinated Akeley more than all the rest, the elephant and the gorilla. The elephant group in the new African Hall of the Museum is mounted exactly as he planned it. Four of the eight elephants were shot by Colonel Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and Akeley twenty-five years ago. The others were obtained recently by F. Trubee Davison, President of the Museum, and Mrs. Davison.

The gorilla group Akeley collected in the Belgian Congo in 1921, and the background of the tableau shows the mountain where he died five years later. One gigantic male stands upright, beating his chest as another male approaches. Sitting propped against a tree and entirely unconcerned, a female gorilla watches her baby feed.

Myths Disproved—Akeley was the first modern scientist to study gorillas in their native haunts. He branded as poppycock the ancient tales of their ferocity. Gorillas beat their chests, not as a challenge, but as an indication of nervous excitement. And tho Akeley repeatedly exposed himself, no gorilla ever attempted to attack him; they merely regarded him with a tolerant curiosity.

More observations from Akeley's writings: Gorillas don't roar; they bark. And they never steal human women, as old tales

Wurt Bros. Photo Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

A member of the Gorilla Group in the Akeley Hall of African Mammals

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have it, or build houses in trees. In fact, gorillas aren't arboreal at all. They're too clumsy to climb very much. They prefer to shuffle along, bearing a good part of their weight on the knuckles of their folded hands.

To reproduce these animal groups (only fifteen out of the twenty-eight planned have been finished) Akeley brought back from Africa the skins, skeletons, and even preserved specimens of smaller animals. Actual stones, soil, clumps of grass and branches are worked into the setting as Akeley had planned.

The mountings were completed in this country under the direction of Dr. James L. Clark, head of the Museum's Department of Arts, Preparation, and Installation.

Mrs. Mary L. Jobe Akeley, Akeley's wife, who accompanied him on several of his African trips, including his last one, helped in the preparation. Mrs. Akeley is famous in her own right as a mountain climber and explorer, and it was under her courageous leadership that Akeley's last *safari* returned to civilization.

FISH STAIRWAYS U. S. Arranges Hurdles for Salmon at Columbia River Dams

Flashing their silver bellies as they leaped high over difficult natural obstacles, tens of thousands of fat adult salmon and steelhead trout raced against the stream up the hundreds of miles of the Columbia River in the Pacific Northwest last week.

In obedience to an uncontrollable urge to return to the headwaters in which they were born, there to lay or fertilize eggs and then die, they were enacting one of the strangest phenomena of nature.

Once in the upstream regions, whose rich oxygen supplies are their real lure, the females each lay from 3,000 to 6,000 eggs, all of which may be fertilized to produce live fingerlings. In a year the fish run up the Columbia numbers about 3,000,000, so that the total production of eggs annually is around 7,000,000,000.

Upon the urge of these fish to get upstream depends the Columbia River's $10,000,000 fishing industry. Pressing against the heavy current, they are scooped up by the ton by both ocean and river fishermen, packed, and shipped all over the world.

Menacing Projects—When the Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams were proposed on the Columbia River many a fisherman and naturalist prophesied the end of the great fisheries there.

Foreseeing this danger the United States Bureau of Fisheries in 1933 began laying plans to aid the upstream migrations as well as fertilize and hatch the eggs artificially. Last week Frank T. Bell, Commissioner of Fisheries, revealed some of these plans.

Over the first obstacle, the seventy-two-feet-high Bonneville dam, the Government will help the salmon by curious fish "ladders" and "elevators." These ladders are ascending pools for which the salmon jump, boosting themselves by stages out into the river above. Many such smaller fish stairways are used in Oregon, Washington, and California.

The "elevators," or locks, however, will give the Columbia River salmon a novel piscatorial sensation. Concrete shafts designed so they can be emptied and flooded alternately with water, these elevators admit the fish passengers into an area twenty by thirty feet from entrance gates ten feet square.

Aids to Movement—Once the fish are inside, the entrance gates close and water admitted through the floor of the lock will flood the chamber, raising the fish to the top of the dam. The entrance gate at the bottom again will open, permitting the water to flow out, and a new party of fish to swim in.

The War Department, builder of the dam, has set aside $1,600,000 for the ladders and elevators. Designing the apparatus is Harlan B. Holmes, Associate Aquatic Biologist of the Bureau of Fisheries, who has called upon experts in California, Oregon, and Washington to help him.

Once they get their fish past Bonneville their real problem begins. Farther up the river is the Grand Coulee dam, rising 500 feet above its foundations. Both ladders and elevators here will be useless, and so far no device has been proposed seriously to get the fish over.

There is only one alternative: to catch the fish, hold them until spawning time, and fertilize and hatch the eggs artificially. Afterward the little fry will be returned to the river, to make their way down to sea.

Heavy Output—Nothing new to either Oregon or Washington, eight fish hatcheries operated by the Bureau of Fisheries in those States produced 36,000,000 fingerling salmon and 2,000,000 steelhead trout by these means in 1935.

The spawning migrants are trapped in streams as they ascend to lay their eggs. Held in small enclosures, the female fish are in time killed, opened, and the eggs removed into basins of water. Milt from the males is pressed out and mixed with the eggs to fertilize them. After standing for a few minutes the excess milt is washed away from the mixture and the eggs "hardened" in running water.

They are then measured to determine the number, and transferred to trays in troughs of running water. Within several days the eyes of the developing embryos become visible through the thin membranes of the eggs. At this stage they can be sent to other hatcheries, where incubation is completed, a process requiring thirty-five days.

Thirty to forty thousand eggs are placed in each of the hatching baskets, which have mesh bottoms through which the little fry drop as soon as they wiggle out. Fed in troughs from three to twelve weeks, the fish then are transferred to outdoor pools for several weeks more. They are ready to be planted in streams at three months, at which time they attain a length of one and a half inches.

At this time of the year the big picturesque chinook, often running to eighty pounds, fight their way up the river, their sides bulging with eggs. Indian fishermen who have special fishing rights tossed them over the side by the dozen, but they looked up the river where the Bonneville and Grand Coulee are rising and shook their heads. Their last year of real old-fashioned fishing may be over.

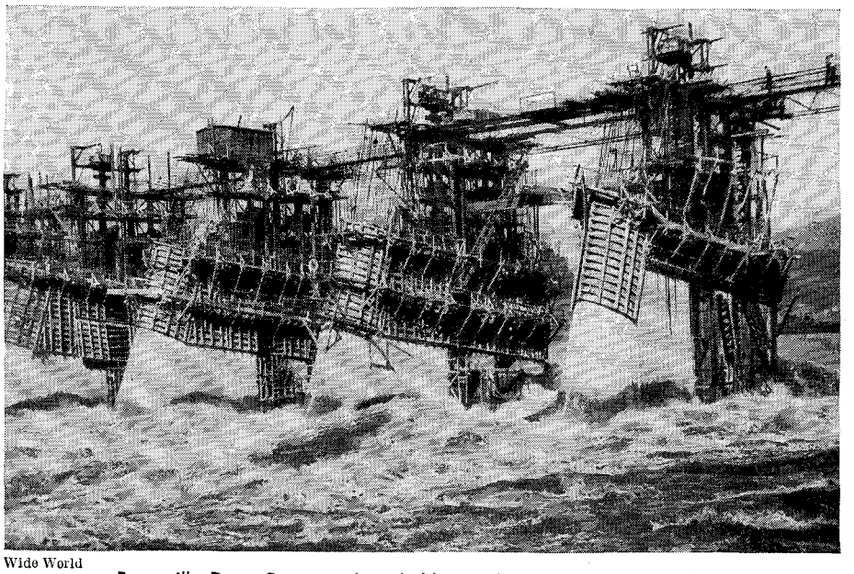
MACHINE-AGE ODDITIES

The Angel Buggy Skipper in Dynamite Plant Among Them

A new weapon will be tried in the Northwest this summer when the United States Forestry Service goes into action against the seasonal forest fires. Bombing planes will drop bombs containing the "froth" type of fire-extinguisher. And ordinary military bombs will be tried for possible usefulness in throwing earth on fires to retard their spread until ground crews can arrive.

* * *

An angel buggy skipper has one of the most ticklish jobs in the world. He needs a steady hand and an iron nerve, for his carriage conveys the nitroglycerin used at dynamite factories. Rubber-tired, mounted on soft springs and cooled before receiving its dangerous cargo, the "angel buggy" is pushed by its imperturbable skipper over specially prepared bumpless runways. And, according to accident records, buggy-pushing is a very safe job.



Wide World

Bonneville Dam, Oregon, where ladders and elevators will help salmon on their way up the Columbia River to their spawning-ground

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDLEY: U. S. PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

Forty-Six States, and Territories, Are Represented in Display

As motley a throng as ever gathered for a national art show opening flipped down quarters and clattered through the gray chromium turnstiles of the mezzanine galleries of the International Building in Rockefeller Center, New York, last week.

Some in morning coats and piccadilly collars, some in crew-neck sweaters and slacks, they swirled past massed flags of many States, down seven huge galleries, in a hubbub which contrasted with the usual hushed air of the art salon.

"Economic Discussion," sent by John de Martelly, of Kansas City, Missouri, to New York's First National Exhibition of American Art

Their interest centered on 666 paintings and forty-seven bits of sculpture comprising the First National Exhibition of American Art. Work of 400 artists, the exhibits were collected by the New York Municipal Art Committee from forty-six States, the District of Columbia, and the Territories, and will be on display until July 1. Profits are to be distributed equally among the artists, from whom no exhibition fees nor sale commissions were asked.

Outside on Fifth Avenue, in protest against this arrangement, Left-wing artists headed by the American Artists' Congress picketed the exhibition. These artists demanded rental fees for the exhibitors and organizational representation on the Municipal Art Committee.

Belligerent Official—As an additional fillip to the show's opening, Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey left a committee banquet-table to floor a reporter in an argument over an election forecast.

The other Governor attending, Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island, accompanied by his naval aide, went the rounds of the galleries more calmly.

Said Mr. Green: "We need not worry about American art expression. That will determine itself. Our attention is now to be given to having something to express."

The idea for the national show stemmed from the New York Municipal Gallery, where, in an old house donated by the city, artists can exhibit free of charge. The Municipal Art Committee, headed by Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, had the State Governors name juries which chose works among the famous and unknown alike.

Mrs. Breckinridge, whose Committee had no special budget, gave largest credit for procuring exhibits to local women's clubs, which likewise provided much financial aid.

Western Pictures—The exhibition did not startle spectators with a riot of modernism. New Mexico's artist colony of sophisticated Easterners sent two full-blown abstractions, an "Enclosed Figuration," by Raymond Johnson, and floating fragments of a "Broken Pitcher," by Olive Rush.

New York offered a medley of works from established names, led by President Jonas Lie of the American Academy. Idaho could find only a statue by Gutzon Borglum, who was born in that State, tho to-day he is a resident of Connecticut. The Middle West, chiefly Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, dominated among paintings portraying realistic regional types and landscapes.

Press Comment—Altho metropolitan critics praised the liveliness, wide variety, and colorful regionalism of the exhibition, there were rifts in the lute.

The New York *Herald Tribune* declared that the show "is representative of art in all sections of the country, to a considerable degree representative of American taste as well."

Edward Alden Jewell in the New York *Times* said: "It all boils down to this: Does the show provide an enlightening composite picture of American art? If the answer be in the affirmative, then the show *is a phenomenal success.* But while the exhibition contains likewise familiar work by not a few artists whose habitat is elsewhere, a conspicuous virtue of the demonstration, considered as a whole, is its freshness. No one is likely to protest that, whatever its shortcomings may be, the First National Exhibition of American Art isn't democratic."

TENNIS AND CANVASES

Helen Wills Moody Links Deftness in Art to Sport

Tennis devotees, watching her dispose mechanically of hapless challengers, complain that Helen Wills Moody's rifle-ball forehand drives are monotonously unerring, that her swishing progress from net to base-line is prosaic, and that the renowned "poker face" lacks the fire of true genius.

Last week her second "one-man" art exhibition in New York revealed that within the blonde madonna of the courts an artistic fire had been kindled from the torch of the mad Dutchman of Arles, Vincent Van Gogh.

For there, against the tinfoil-gray walls of the Grand Central Art Galleries' small inner showroom, twenty-one canvases by the demure matron of Nob Hill, San Francisco, gleamed thick with the bright hues of the long-dead master.

They range from Mrs. Moody's first painting of two years ago, "Plant," pale-green leaves against a white background, to "Crabs and Lemons," which illustrates how the thirty-year-old American sportswoman has utilized the Hollander's wild, straw-shaped strokes for quiet composition. All but the delicately-drawn "Golden Gate," showing the uncompleted bridge linking Oakland and San Francisco, are indoor still-lifes.

One in particular—depicting a pair of her own worn tennis sneakers, which is reputed to have sold for $500—has been linked to the distinguished post-Impressionist's early "Peasant Shoes," said to have been her direct inspiration.

Helen Wills, painter, has found a use for her collection of tennis trophies

The brown-haired artist with the Grecian profile admitted that "it's fun to paint with thick colors."

The artist is very much in earnest about her work in oils. Every morning she puts in a serious two hours of tennis—always against men players exclusively—and every afternoon she withdraws to the cool vastness of her studio overlooking the limpid Bay. There, with a score of brushes stuck like sprigs of lilac in one of the largest of her countless victory cups, she forgets everything but painting.

Privileged Dog—Into this solitude only Jackie, her fuzzy Sealyham, is allowed to inject his scarcely disturbing bulk; altho toward the end of evening the broker-husband frequently ventures a timid knock.

Somehow, tho, in spite of all this strenuous stroking of racket and brush, Mrs. Moody finds time for social activities, is a potent force in the Junior League, and, as if tennis were not exercise enough, manages some swimming.

In New York she smilingly refused to say whether she would meet fellow Californian Helen Jacobs at Wimbledon this year. Reporters might have found their answer in the "Prefatory Word of Appreciation" to her show by Prof. William Lyon Phelps:

"The heat of her ambition is equaled by her self-control. . . . There is the desire for perfection matched with a hatred for sensational effects."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10 THINGS YOU CAN'T BUY IN A *Buick*

Ask about the new G M A C
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Compare Buick's low delivered prices and low monthly payments

$765

to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment.

—LISTING A FEW OF THE AGREEABLE "DON'TS" IN OUR GREAT 1936 CARS

The new Buicks don't weave, roll or tire-squeal going around corners. *Low-swung weight and the front-end RideStabilizer eliminate all that.*

The new Buicks don't flood, stall or stutter even on cold-start getaways. *The automatic choke feeds the right mixture of gas under all conditions.*

The new Buicks don't get their eye-strikingly smart streamlines at the sacrifice of headroom. *The Limited, for example, measures more from floor to roof than even the lofty cars of five to seven years ago.*

The new Buicks don't side-creep, jitter or climb up on front-wheel "tiptoe" at speed. *Road-hugging steadiness due to the Torque-Tube Drive keeps their flight level as a lance.*

The new Buicks don't "fight" the steering wheel on rough roads or in bad going. *Center-point shockless steering erases any sign of tussle, tug or strain.*

The new Buicks don't expose you to a "soft spot" overhead. *All closed models have the solid steel "Turret Top" of Body by Fisher.*

The new Buicks don't pitch on wavy roads or thud and shudder over railway crossings and similar obstructions. *Built-in Knee-Action gives you the true gliding ride.*

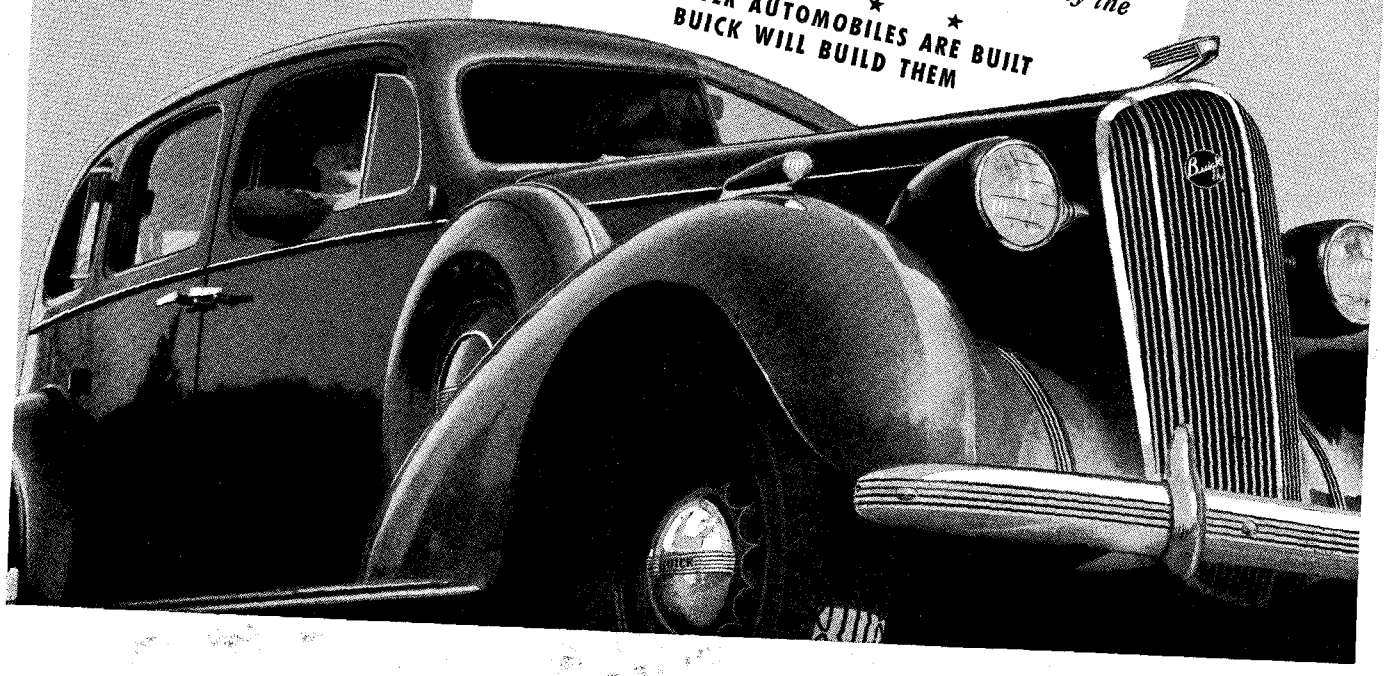
The new Buicks don't get sluggish or lose their brilliant powder-flash action in the first few thousand miles. *New temperature control and light, tough Anolite pistons insure long-lasting nimble behavior and high resistance to wear.*

The new Buicks don't call for special ingenuity to service. *The silent oil-cushioned valve-in-head straight-eight engine stands clear and upright under the sleek bonnet and is completely accessible.*

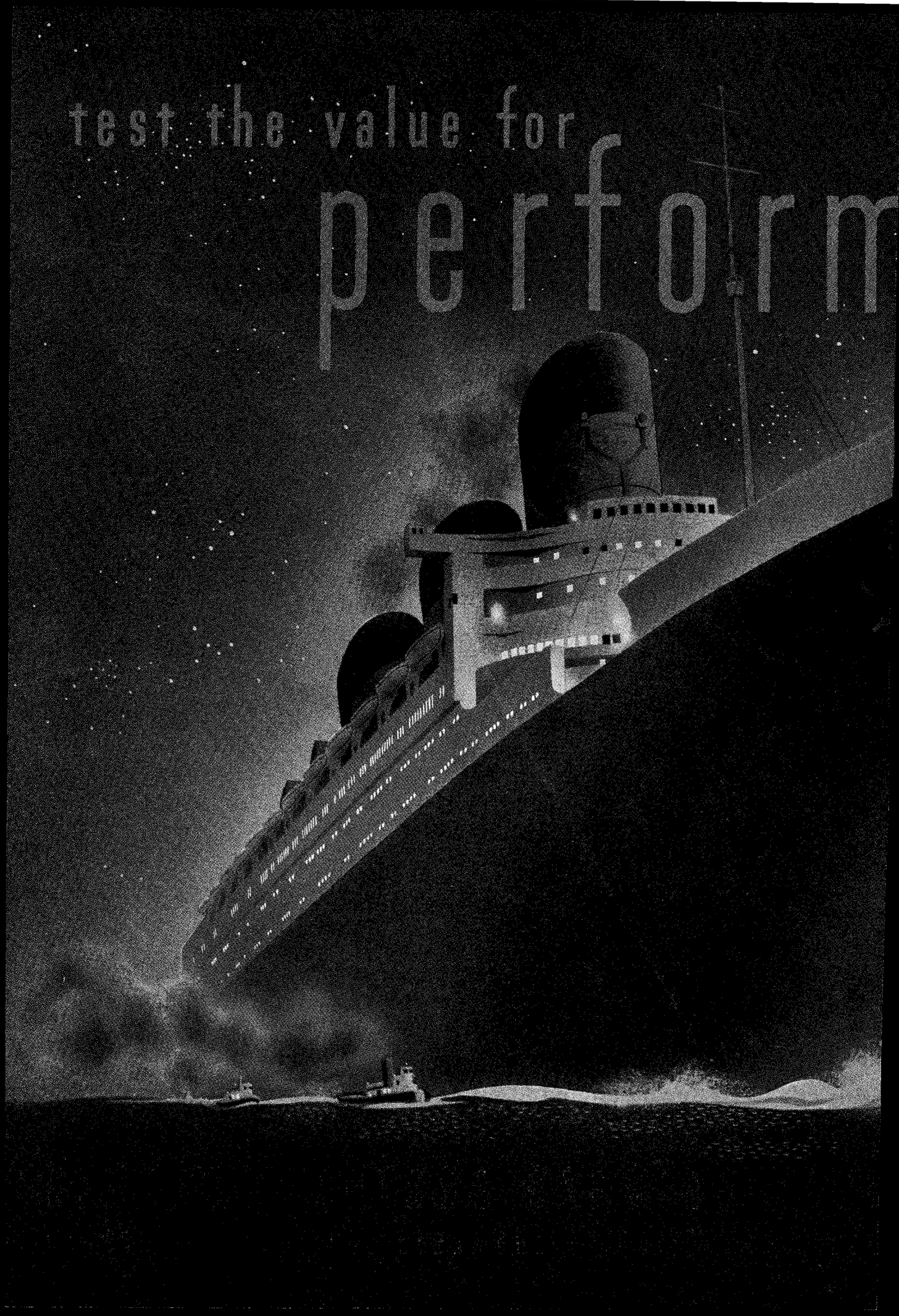
The new Buicks don't achieve their ample size, fresh beauty, sparkling performance, new low prices at any cost of quality. *We build to Buick standards, and the price tag is literally the last thing we put upon a car.*

★ ★ ★ ★

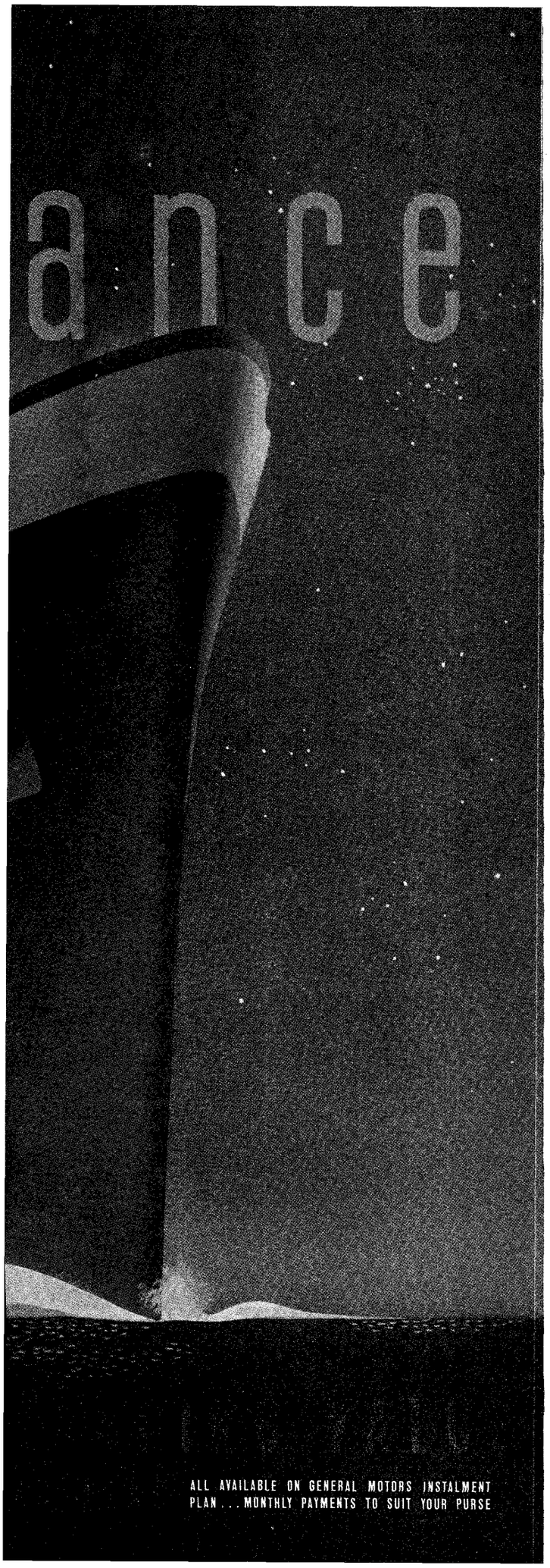
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GM
GENERAL MOTORS

Ever since the first automobile moved under its own power, performance has been an important gauge of motor car value. Consequently, to the perfection of this quality General Motors turns its best technical talents.

That is why, in General Motors cars, you enjoy exceptionally well-rounded performance. No one factor is sacrificed to emphasize another. Response, safety, ease of control, power, economy, and comfort are brought to you in well-balanced measure, each an important part of performance, every one contributing to your better satisfaction with the car you own and drive.

An important and fundamental factor in this performance of General Motors cars is Knee-Action. It is not designed for comfort alone. It adds stability. It makes steering more certain, more nearly effortless. And it is, above all else, a real element in the safer operation of an automobile.

Performance alone should not, of course, be your ultimate estimate of any modern motor car. These, too, are very important: smooth travel, security, positive stopping power, and the lasting beauty of fine design—exemplified by the following:

KNEE-ACTION
for safety, comfort, performance

TURRET TOP
for beauty, durability, protection

HYDRAULIC BRAKES
for safer, surer, easier stopping

BODY BY FISHER
for style, comfort, and quality

Only General Motors cars offer all of these modern elements of motor car satisfaction.

For help in making an intelligent selection of your new car write to Customer Research, General Motors, Detroit, Michigan, for 68-page non-advertising booklet, "THE AUTOMOBILE BUYER'S GUIDE."

You are invited to tune in on the General Motors Concerts every Sunday night from 10 to 11 p. m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, (9-10, E. S. T.) over the coast-to-coast NBC red network.

Frigidaire, a General Motors value, is to electric refrigerators what General Motors cars are to automobiles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stars of the stage and screen, seen by the camera lens of Avery Slack: (left to right) Betty Lawford, Mary Rogers . . .

EXCITED MAGICIAN Both Photographer and Subject Have Cock-Eyed Time of It

Avery Slack sometimes stands his photographic subjects on their heads to achieve the now celebrated Slack effect. That usually gets them excited, and then Mr. Slack gets excited, especially if loose vertebræ in their necks pop.

"I always seem to produce better when I am excited," he explains. Probably his easily-roused excitability accounts for the fact that, after having taken a fling at being a concert violinist, a stock actor, a vaudeville trouper, and a Wall Street messenger, he has settled down to be a famous photographer of celebrities.

In his early thirties, this small, wiry magician of the lens had a hobby—his camera—and a purpose in life—to play the violin before some of the crowned heads of Europe. With his violin under one arm and his battered Brownie over the other shoulder, he left the small Canadian town in which he had won amateur snapshot prizes, and came to New York to study. Something side-tracked him, and instead he went on the stage for five years.

After that he did get to Europe to study violin under the great Ottakar Sevcik, but when he returned to the land of his adoption he found that music would not feed him, and took a job as a runner in Wall Street. Then came the depression; only the neglected Brownie stood between him and starvation, so he determined to bag a celebrity with it, and eat.

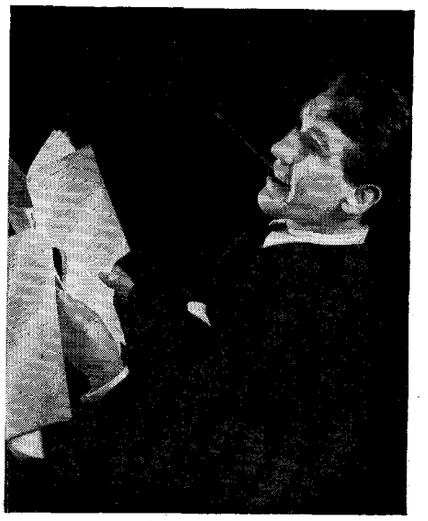
Winning Stunt—The first celebrity turned out to be George Arliss, the veteran English actor, who came into the range of the Slack camera on Madison Avenue. The result was photographically bad, but probably the best likeness any one has ever seen of Arliss. Anyhow, the actor was pleased, came and sat for ten pictures in fifteen minutes; the resulting portraits brought the photographer fame and a lasting friendship.

The best of Slack's portraits are now touring the country with a one-man show which started in New York last October and is scheduled for Schenectady, New York, June 16 and the Newark, New Jersey, Camera Club for July.

The Slack show is something new in photographic displays, consisting as it does entirely of celebrities, mostly actors and musicians.

But nowadays celebrities must beat a pathway to his door, which wears no "shingle" and is advertised in no periodical; for the artist, a celebrity in his own right, does not do the chasing. If he does not feel in the mood, he will not snap his shutter at all.

. . . George Arliss . . .



. . . Burgess Meredith . . .

. . . Frankie Thomas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOVELS AND PLAYS Chicago Under Depression; Dream Versus Fact; G. B. S. Again

Give Us This Day. By Louis Zara. 422 pp. (Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.50.)

Charles Brabant grew up to be a baker, as a line of Breton ancestors had been before him. In never-ending mounds of bread-dough which he fashioned into prosaic loaves and artistic *croissants,* he found his art of self-expression. The scene about him—the mad, illogical Chicago that stretched from the War through Big Bill Thompson and Scarface Al Capone to Depression and A Century of Progress—often puzzled and even dismayed him. But he could bake good bread, and in a way he was happy.

While yet an unsuspecting lad, *Charles* saw the manuscript on which his *Uncle Henry* had been working for ten years; it was entitled "The Book of Honest Men," and all its pages were blank. The disillusioned man *Charles* was to think of *Uncle Henry's* book later, when a partner sold him out behind his back, and when the melancholic *Cecilia* tricked him into a none-too-happy marriage.

When their son *Maxim* was born blind *Cecilia* tearfully bowed her head to a visitation from heaven in punishment for her deceit, but tears did not ease the lot of the poor pastryman. In the end, what saved his marriage was a sister and a world economic slump that reached into the very shelves of the modest little bakeshop.

The sister ran away with a fiddle-scraping stranger who had been making calf's eyes at *Cecilia;* whereupon *Charles* discovered to his surprize that he felt sorry for his wife. Their troth was reforged under the hammer blows of the depression, and soon thereafter *Cecilia* died of exposure from delivering the hot doughnuts her husband and father-in-law fried that the *Brabants* might eat.

But *Charles* is not yet beaten; having once been thrashed by workers because he unwittingly took a job as scab foreman in a chain bakery, he turns from his wife's grave to organize a community bakery to feed workers.

Some bakers, tho, still have jobs; and they are afraid that *Charles's* charitability will put them on the street. So they upset his plans and he dies, thoroughly defeated on life's every front, begging his father to say that he had been a baker of good bread.

Critical Opinions — CHICAGO TRIBUNE: *"Mr. Zara has a certain deep honesty in his work as well as a skill in keeping the reader eager for the next page. Louis Zara is the pseudonym of a Chicagoan who prefers semianonymity."*

THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"Mr. Zara happens to be one of those fresh, exhilarating young talents who come on the scene without personal fireworks; a writer who is deeply responsive to the unpleasant facts of life, but who has so sharp an ear and so droll and tender a flavor that his sensibility seems unique."*

SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) SUNDAY UNION AND REPUBLICAN: *"A little heavy, a bit solid, like underrisen or underkneaded bread, the narrative may appear in its first loaves but the succeeding chapters are crisply crusted, evenly browned, palatably chewable and wholesomely digestible."*

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"A gentle narrative of plain people. . . . Mr. Zara's long, slow novel will not set the world agog or even make it sit up and take notice. His people and his scenes, his situations and conflicts are all hazy, smothered in a prose so even as to be monotonous."*

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"Here is a picture of the depression in Chicago and its effect upon the human spirit which will stagger the complacent and well-fed. The hero's final gesture toward the world will stand comparison with the climactic moment in any novel of our time. It is tremendous."*

Rosamond Lehmann: Appalled by own clichés

THE NEW YORKER: *"This is a very satisfying book, perhaps a very important one."*

* * *

The Weather in the Streets. By Rosamond Lehmann. 416 pp. (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock; $2.50.)

Here is the Englishwoman whose "Dusty Answer" and "Invitation to the Waltz" already have given her a fairish wide acquaintance in America. And here too is *Olivia Curtis;* but what a different *Olivia* from the immature child of "Invitation to the Waltz"!

Olivia married *Ivor Craig,* whose poet's weakness seems to have tapped the flood of her maternal compassion; disappointed in that foredoomed union, she is caught in the train of the *Rollo Spencer* who had once overawed her. His love, so freely offered, she accepts; and through early womanhood she nibbles pathetically at her half-a-loaf.

"I'm not much good, and mind you remember it," *Rollo* warns her. "Don't expect a lot of me, will you? I've never been any use to any one." It was true. And *Olivia* also spake the truth when she confessed to him that she was a coward.

How she passed so unheroically through her hour of despair, and how the ignoble *Ivor* so ludicrously stood by; how she went to see *Rollo,* after all, when he was a convalescent and reproached him with *"Rollo,* you are an awful man"—contrive to make it seem her book, at least a "woman's book."

But the everlasting war between daydream and fact, the constant confusion of wish-fulfilment and hard reality, are no less the tribulations of the male. Certainly the author is a long way from the "appalling clichés" of her youth.

Critical Opinions — THE NEW YORK AMERICAN: *"The first third of Rosamond Lehmann's new novel interested me deeply . . . but I must add that the author disappointed me, even irritated me, during the latter pages of her story. . . . I wish she would allow us to meet some worth while people."*

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"Miss Lehmann brings to her theme all the technical brilliance, the impeccable style, the sensitivity and the deep, almost intuitive knowledge of the thought-processes of women which have in the past illuminated her work."*

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: *"Rosamond Lehmann has a sensitiveness to nature, to human relationships, to words, which is rare."*

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM: *"Miss Lehmann possesses the uncanny faculty of making people reveal themselves in what seems to be casual conversation."*

NEW YORK POST: *"A cause for rejoicing in any season, and good enough for public celebration in this mediocre fiction year."*

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: (GEORGE DANGERFIELD) *"I would rather read one of her failures than most of the successes of other people."*

* * *

The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, etc. Three plays by Bernard Shaw, with prefaces. 210 pp. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; $2.50.)

Mr. Shaw, now white of beard and eighty, has again emerged from a by no means obscure retirement to confound those who believed the years had ambushed and robbed him of his pithy Shavian wit.

The three plays here presented may not have made history in the theater but veteran followers long ago learned that the best of Shaw plays in book form are their prefaces.

Indeed, the preface to "The Six of Calais" might serve as a model of indignant invective for Mr. Elmer Rice upon the next occasion that worthy feels obliged to arise to excoriate the critics.

"The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" had an unhappy life on the boards of the Theater Guild last year; but with its preface and the attack upon the perversity of the human race for its rendering of obeisance to a fictitious culture founded upon delusions, rather than illusions, it fares much better between the covers of a book. The obsequies of the drama's *Jupiter Fulminator* now being celebrated so solemnly by the cognoscenti would appear from these pages to be somewhat premature.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK TIMES: *"It is not often that one finds such a combination of buffoonery and wisdom as Bernard Shaw has crammed into this volume."*

NEW YORK SUN: *"No reviewer with a sense of fair play lurking in his system could take advantage of an old man and review this book as it deserves. Most of it reads like a not too good parody of himself."*

HARTFORD (CONN.) TIMES: *"Years have brought a more biting satire and an increasing bitterness."*

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"Alas, if others could be dull so brilliantly!"*

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"The illustrious professional Irishman still writes saber-sharp prose."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OFFER OF LIKELY STARS TO BROADWAY

Another "New Faces" Tries to Duplicate Discoveries of Talent

It ever has been a dream with which Broadway producers tantalize themselves that a miniature musical revue composed of unknown youngsters not only would be fresh and buoyant but, undoubtedly, lead to discovery of new and important stars. It also ever has been a dream about which nothing much was done.

Seven years ago Tom Weatherly, in association with Dwight Deere Wiman, produced "The Little Show." The principals in that vest-pocket romp were not precisely unknowns, but they were in the main young. And stars were discovered, not by the theater, which looked and looked and couldn't see, but by the motion-pictures, which looked beyond the principals into the chorus and discovered Constance Cummings and Peggy Conklin. Later both returned to the stage in what may be described as triumph.

There were subsequent editions of "The Little Show," but none resulted in such a gold-mine of star material. There was a hiatus, in which no one did anything about finding a Beatrice Lillie, until two years ago. Leonard Sillman, a West Coast *impresario* and actor, came East, dredged some of the more promising cradles, and offered "New Faces," a guileless, charming, and impudent revue.

Talent Discovered—In that giddy *harlequinade* a third "Little Show" chorus-girl rose to fame. She was Imogene Coca and in her Mr. Sillman had detected a capricious comedienne. Equipping her with sketches, funny words to say and astute direction, he converted the girl into first-rate feature material for any one's musical comedy.

Shy, inarticulate, a little gawky, but clothed in tremendous earnestness, a young man of that first "New Faces" seemed to have a little more of the singe of ambition's fire than the others. He did. His name was Henry Fonda.

Mr. Fonda no longer is inarticulate or gawky. He is one of the most promising young stars in Hollywood.

In his case, the blinded theater acted first. It seized him from "New Faces" and made him the farmer in the play, "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Thereafter, all Hollywood had to do was make his salary larger.

Mr. Sillman now offers "New Faces of 1936," another effort to translate gifted unknowns into employed stardom. He has relied on one or two production tricks from his first show, on Miss Coca and on Billie Haywood, a Negro girl whose frantic singing is not to be matched in New York. The others either are completely unknown, fresh to the theater, or else have occupied relatively obscure positions and may, in honesty, be called new faces.

It is difficult for any one to foretell what future tempests dance and sing in "New Faces of 1936," but it is possible to say that none seems to be as immediately in the way of fortune as did the youngsters two years ago. There is no young man of the Fonda caliber, and none to nudge Miss Coca out of her now fixed fame. Elizabeth Wilde shares considerable of the new acclaim with Miss Coca, but is not yet an importunate batterer at the gates of Hollywood.

Critical Comment—Burns Mantle, New York *Daily News:* "The new 'New Faces' develops a good deal of spirit, a fairly smart sense of satire and a lot of good dancing."

Howard Barnes, *Herald Tribune:* "Of the brand new faces in the show, that of Marion Martin is altogether the most captivating."

Louis Nichols, New York *Times:* "With some good music and sketches that are not on the intellectual side, the latest of Leonard Sillman's cultural endeavors is a cheerful thing and unpretentious, amiable and bustling with the zest that all new faces provide in the weary month of May."

Robert Garland, New York *World-Telegram:* "It is a colorful, oftentimes amusing revue Mr. Sillman has run up. Songs, sketches, dances and what might be written of as oddments are cast in your direction with a casual furiousness which leaves you puzzled."

Not the graduating class of a high school, but the cast of Broadway's "New Faces"

TRUE TO ROAD Katharine Cornell Quits Profitable Engagement to Go Trouping

Closing her production of George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" in New York at the height of its popularity, Katharine Cornell already has begun a long tour with the play. On the itinerary are Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

She will not be seen again in New York until next December, when she will create the rôle of a Malay princess in "Wingless Victory," one of three new plays by Maxwell Anderson. The princess is married to a New England sea captain in the play. The scene is laid in 1800.

Mr. Anderson, whose poetic drama, "Winterset," was awarded this year's prize by the New York Drama Critics' Circle, has completed a new play for the Theater Guild and another for Guthrie McClintic, husband of and Director for Miss Cornell. Mr. McClintic produced "Winterset."

Announcing a return New York engagement of this play, Mr. McClintic tapped a subject that has frightened other managers into gray hairs.

Managerial Problem—"Throughout the run of 'Winterset' there were never enough seats to be had at the lower prices. Night after night I saw them turned away from the box-office, young people who were clearly students, and older people of a type that the theater needs very badly—not well-to-do, but intelligent, and bringing a definite view-point to the theater. 'Winterset,' more than any other play I have ever produced, attracted these people, and I think that anything the theater can do to bring into the playhouses the literate super-movie audiences is worth trying."

What frightens the other managers as they dandle the thought of reducing prices to entice more patronage is whether an actual cut in the cost of going to the theater will lure the stratum of which Mr. McClintic speaks.

MODERN COWBOY The Screen in "The Last Outlaw" Succeeds in a New Twist

Not inconsiderable even in the starched-collar cities, there is a large audience in the United States for Western motion-pictures. Some of the smaller film companies devote most of their time and energy to turning out "horse operas," and one large studio owes its present snug wealth to the popularity, five years ago, of a cinema cowboy and his sagacious horse.

This company now turns out crime, society and romantic feature films with all the bland assurance of the top-notch rivals it caught up with because of its engaging range-rider. All of this cowboy's films made a fortune, and the profits helped build a small studio into a large one.

Virtually all of the studios make

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Storing up Health *for 1956*

How healthy will your boys and girls be twenty years from now?

The time to lay the groundwork for healthy adult life is during Childhood — and the place is outdoors—running, jumping, hiking, wrestling, swimming, skating, skiing, bicycling, playing football, baseball, soft ball, tennis. Supervised gym work or self-directed exercises at home supplement outdoor play.

While the majority of healthy boys and girls need no urging to take part in active games, many of them can develop better muscles, greater skill and more natural grace in their sports if they have proper direction. The way your child sits, walks, runs, stands, lies in bed may determine, long in advance, whether or not he, as an adult, will be straight and graceful in form—without bone or posture defects.

Sunshine is one of your child's greatest allies. It is essential for health and development. But sunshine which passes through ordinary glass loses its real, beneficial effect. Gray light of a cloudy day outdoors is more healthgiving than bright sunshine filtered through ordinary glass. Sunlight helps to prevent rickets. It is as important to keep a child out in the sunlight, as it is to safeguard the quality and amount of his food.

Have your doctor examine your child at regular intervals to find out whether or not he has any defects which if uncorrected would prevent proper growth and development.

The building years of childhood are of vast importance to the mind as well as to the body. A child, in active games, may learn the spirit of fair play, honesty and courage, which contribute to success and happiness in later life.

Send for a free copy of "Keeping Fit Through Exercise," which is planned to help parents as well as children enjoy better health. Address Booklet Department 636-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

© 1936 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westerns. It is an unwritten rule in many of them that the saddle-leather shall never be allowed to cool. No matter how long and hard the Garbos, the Marshalls, the Crawfords and the Cagneys may work, somewhere night and day, in Hollywood, sheriffs are tracking down bad men, old-time saloons are being shot up, astute horses are giving the alarm and womanhood is being rescued from the Indians.

Joyous Writers—The scenarists who turn out the most sparkling society films, dappled with Mayfair dialog, often turn their facile hands to the writing of Westerns. It is fun. It is fun to josh the old West. Fortunately, for receipts and profits, dyed-in-the-wool Western-picture fans never recognize the joshing and take what the films give as profoundly serious.

A few months ago three men decided to quit kidding "horse operas." They decided to kid modern times through the medium of a Western picture. It not only was a novel, fascinating notion but positively the first new idea in Western picture-making in twenty years.

Two of the men were writers, John Ford and E. Murray Campbell; the third was a producer, Robert Sisk. Their idea burgeoned into a scenario, from a scenario into a glorified carnival of finger-pointing at all the shiny, efficient modern science of crime detection. RKO-Radio Pictures made their story—"The Last Outlaw."

It is so immediately winning an idea that, no doubt, "The Last Outlaw" will be screened in the largest theaters in the largest cities and be entertaining. It is a Western with a new twist, a "horse opera" of feature film stature.

Briefly, this is the story: An old outlaw is released from prison after twenty-five years. He hastens back to the small, muddy, mean town whose tin-box bank he had robbed a quarter-century earlier. He finds, to his dismay, a city of sky-scrapers, millionaires, whisking motors and tumult. The banks now are large and opulent, the law and order of the town in the hands of uniformed patrolmen, squad cars equipped with radio. Riot and gas guns, finger-printing and the radio have taken the place of six-shooters and "Wanted" signs.

The old bandit finds the sheriff who jailed him reduced to an under sheriff's job. Without bitterness, they become old cronies again, bewildered by the press of modern times and science. A bank is robbed, the looters escape. Every modern arm of crime detection is brought into play, and every modern arm fails miserably.

In effect, the outlaw says: "Was I the robber of that bank, I know where I'd go."

In effect, the ex-sheriff replies: "Was I sheriff, I know where I'd look for you."

Kitchen Strategy—Following old trails, knowing the thought processes of bank thieves, the two old men go up into the hills and corner the robbers in a cabin. As they lie in wait for a chance to rush the place, one smells ham cooking.

They know ham and they know what ham does to thirst. They draw their old-fashioned guns and shoot the cabin's water-barrel full of holes. Then they lay siege to the shack and wait until thirst drives the bank robbers into their hands.

In triumph, the two old men discarded by civilization return with their prisoners. The law, as such, is abashed.

Henry B. Walthall is superb as the veteran sheriff, the whole cast gives "The Last Outlaw" performances which, together with its novel theme, raise a Western into a class where it will appeal to all.

Hollywood Reporter: "Radio can unfurl the adjectives to the limit. . . . It carries the feel that everybody associated with the production had a lot of fun turning out a swell job of entertainment."

MOB TERRORISM "Fury"

Exposes Grim Experience of an Innocent Victim

From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which appears to be treating itself to a sackful of excellent motion-pictures, comes "Fury," a grim, sometimes terrifying film document showing the ferocity of mob-rule. From an original story by Norman Krasna, Bartlett Cormack and the picture's director, Fritz Lang, have made a scenario of stunning vigor. It will, in some parts of the country, be recognized as a sobering force.

A young American, traveling West by motor to meet his fiancée, is seized on the outskirts of a small town.

He and his car fulfil descriptions of a fugitive kidnaper and the escape automobile. His pleas of innocence are howled down and he is rushed to the town jail.

Rumors of the arrest spread and soon a mob is shrieking and battering at the jail doors.

Call for Troops—The sheriff asks for a company of State militia and is refused. Newsreel men arrive and begin to photograph the scene of the mob hacking at the jail and, finally, setting it afire.

In the turmoil, the victim escapes and hides.

He rejoins two brothers and now, embittered by what can happen to an innocent man, pledges himself to revenge. He prevails on his brothers to force State authorities to prosecute mob leaders for his murder.

The newsreels are used to identify members of the mob and twenty-two citizens of the town are indicted for the supposed murder.

Meanwhile, the actual kidnaper is arrested and the mob victim's innocence established.

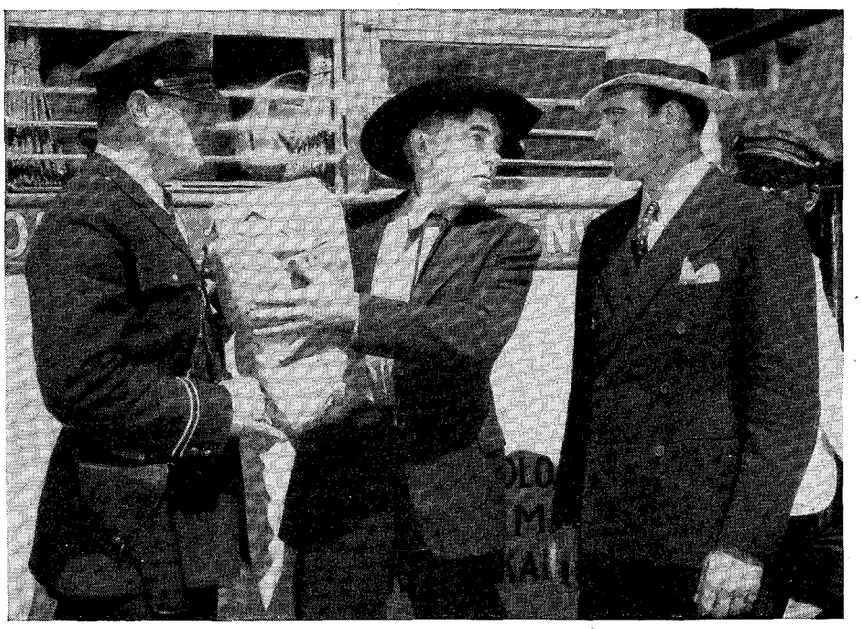
Harrowing Drama—Most of the indicted men are convicted. The youth's brothers are horrified at realization that they have helped doom so many men and they beg him to reveal himself as alive. His fiancée makes a final plea, and he refuses to come forth and clear the convicted men. She leaves him and he wrestles with his conscience.

After a tortured night, he goes to the courtroom as sentence is about to be passed on the mob men.

That many of its situations are trite is not to be denied. That Director Lang has passed these with skill gives the picture strength where it might have been weak.

Spencer Tracy brings lasting reality to the rôle of *Joe*, victim of the mob, and has sturdy support from Sylvia Sidney, Walter Abel, Bruce Cabot and others in the playing company.

Comment—*Daily Variety:* "The picture generates so much heat because of its nature and handling that it will stir in many audiences the passionate furies it indicates in its drama of vengeance, thereby paying tribute to the forcefulness of its writing, enactment and direction."



Harry Wood, Harry Carey and Tom Tyler (left to right), in "The Last Outlaw," latest and most original of Hollywood's "horse operas"

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"These Three"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures."

AAA—"Follow the Fleet"; "Desire"; "The Singing Kid"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirates."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Think of yourself ten years from now

THINK of yourself ten years from now! Will your present productive years grant you security for yourself and those about you? Regardless of your other plans for financial independence, would not a Government check *reaching you every month for a term of years* add to your security?

United States Savings Bonds, which mature in ten years, afford a safe means of obtaining additional cash reserves. They protect and increase your savings, adding in ten years one-third to the amount invested. Savings Bonds may be redeemed in cash at any time after 60 days from issue date, in whole or in part.

In addition to creating cash reserves for future years, Savings Bonds will provide funds for the education of children, for the care of dependents, for travel and recreation and for expenses of illness and accident. To help remind you to set aside regular amounts for these purposes, Regular Purchase Plan forms will be sent to you upon receipt of the coupon below or upon request. By considering today the ways in which you hope to utilize savings ten years from now, you can construct a savings plan to meet them. Then purchase the Savings Bonds which fit your program.

Write a check each month for the future as you pay the usual bills. Invest in United States Savings Bonds. Held for 10 years, your investment will increase 33⅓%.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

THE BASIS OF A SECURE FUTURE

A United States Savings Bond matures in exactly ten years from date of issue for a sum one-third more than its purchase price. Hence, if these bonds are bought at regular intervals and are not redeemed prior to maturity, the maturity values will be payable, at the same intervals as the purchases, ten years from the respective issue dates.

For example, a $25 denomination bond (present price $18.75) purchased each month for 120 successive months will result, if each bond is held to maturity, in an ownership of $3,000, maturity value, of these bonds, payable during the following ten years by the United States Government on the first day of each month at the rate of $25 per month. Likewise—

$37.50 so invested each month will provide bonds of $6,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of $50 per month for the following ten years.
$75.00 so invested each month will provide bonds of $12,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of $100 per month for the following ten years.
$93.75 so invested each month will provide bonds of $15,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of $125 per month for the following ten years.
$187.50 so invested each month will provide bonds of $30,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of $250 per month for the following ten years.
$375.00 so invested each month will provide bonds of $60,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of $500 per month for the following ten years.

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPT. 503, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Enclosed find check, draft or money order for—

NUMBER			
.....	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$**.....
.....	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$**.....
.....	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$**.....
.....	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$**.....
.....	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$**.....
		Total	**$**.....

Register in the name of and send to

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Make all checks, drafts, etc., payable to the Treasurer of the United States. Upon receipt of your order on this coupon, or upon request, the Regular Purchase Plan forms will be forwarded to you for your consideration and optional use.

YOU MAY PURCHASE AT POST OFFICES, OR ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Compare any other vacation with this

Japan·China Philippines

All Expense Cruise

$417

Forty-seven days from Seattle

We think you will agree with all the others who have seen them that Japan and China and the Philippines own a fascination that you won't find elsewhere in the world. And we know that nowhere will you find such change and happy stimulation for such a small addition to your regular vacation budget.

Fare Includes All Costs

All-expense cruises on the famed, friendly American Mail Liners that sail every other Saturday from Seattle and Victoria, B.C., start at only $417, for 47 incomparable days on shipboard . . . and ashore!

Included in your fare are your room (popular Tourist Class) and meals and entertainment on board ship; all sightseeing and guides, food and hotel accommodations and transportation ashore . . . in Japan's Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, Nagoya and Shimidzu, China's Shanghai and Hongkong, and the Philippines' Manila. And leading tourist agencies attend to all shore details.

Start Planning Now to Go

Any Travel Agent will tell you all about the American Mail Liners' wide choice of All-Expense Cruises and Escorted Tours and independent trips that let you see the Orient as you choose, return via Hawaii if you like. Stop over anywhere. Continue on the next or a later ship. Each has every stateroom outside, ample decks and public rooms, outdoor swimming pool, movies, orchestra . . . celebrated cooking.

See your Agent now. Or write for special literature, to 604 Fifth Avenue, New York; 110 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; or 760 Stuart Building, Seattle (Head Office).

THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

Current Poetry

SURVIVAL

BY LEONORA OWSLEY HERMAN

Softly from countless plants a billion seeds
are falling.
How many will survive to live again as
flowers?
Silently our lives fade. Our word and deeds
recalling,
Will any fragment live to garnish the coming hours?

Lavish and wasteful life! Its untold millions dying
That the fittest may survive to renew the
waking earth,
Even as dauntless man, his song to the
heavens crying,
Perishes down the years—all but his *thinking's* worth.

But is it not enough that the best of flowers are blooming,
That the finest songs live on in the melodies
of time?
And is it not enough that our greater
thoughts are looming
Large for to-morrow's children—spurring
their upward climb?

—From *Rather Personal.* (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont.)

MORNING AT THE WINDOW

BY T. S. ELIOT

They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.

The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the
street,
And tear from a passer-by with muddy
skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the roofs.

—From *Collected Poems.* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.)

HYPOCRITE

BY E. F. MCNAMARA

He knew the terrible effects of sin,
And waited for deterioration's slow
But ruthless change. He waited for the flow
Of evil to surcharge his veins, begin
To show up through his fair and youthful
skin,
And thus expose him so that all should
know
His charm was but a mist which did not
show
The filth and rottenness which lay within.

He waited. But his youth defied the change
So well, a ghostly hope flew through his
mind.
(Perhaps he would escape, perhaps some
strange
Miscarriage of his fate would use him
kind.)
But now, not even blest with slow decay,
He knows he'll crumble shockingly one day.

—*Spirit.*

THE HOUSE THAT I AM LIVING IN

BY WINIFRED THORN BAILEY

The house that I am living in
Is not the home I planned;
I built it of little things
That came into my hand;
Of loneliness and memories
You wouldn't understand.

The house that I am living in
A fragile haven seems;
Uncertain its foundations,
Unsure its joists and beams;
I wish I had been strong enough
To build my home of dreams.

—*Kaleidograph.*

THE GREAT HUNTER

BY THEO WINTERS

He went so stealthily that early spring
With [illegible] and eager dog; he did not know
How quietly some startled, wounded thing
Could, stumbling, fall into the melting
snow;
Nor that the streak of red across the white
Could still his dreams and wake him in the
night.

Yet he was frightened when he saw the form
Of that not yet dead body in the glen,
Whose heart was beating, and whose flesh
was warm,
Whose eyes were pleading, suffering; and
then
He learned of sorrow and of wounds and
pain
And paths that he will never walk again.

—*College Verse.*

AEGIS

BY DOROTHY QUICK

England has gardens that are made for
peace,
With strong, high walls to keep the world
apart;
Where flowered loveliness will never cease
To share its fragrance with the lowly heart.

—*Versecraft.*

A. Henry Kauffman Photo

LEONORA OWSLEY HERMAN of Philadelphia not only writes poetry. The wife of a surgeon, she is a professional painter; at present she is engaged on five large murals. She lists her only hobby as forestry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

•

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

discombobulate.—"J. A. M.," White Plains, N. Y.—The term *discombobulate* or *discombobulation* is a nonsense term, not recorded in the dictionaries. *Discombobulate* is presumed to be of American Negro origin, and is employed as a synonym for *confuse.*

extemporaneous; impromptu.—"W. H. G.," Chicago, Ill.—*Extemporaneous* is now chiefly applied to addresses of which the thought has been prepared, and only the language and incidental treatment left to the suggestion of the moment, so that an *extemporaneous* speech is understood to be any one that is not read or recited; *impromptu* keeps its original sense, denoting something that springs from the instant; the *impromptu* utterance is generally brief, direct, and vigorous; the *extemporaneous* speech may chance to be prosy.

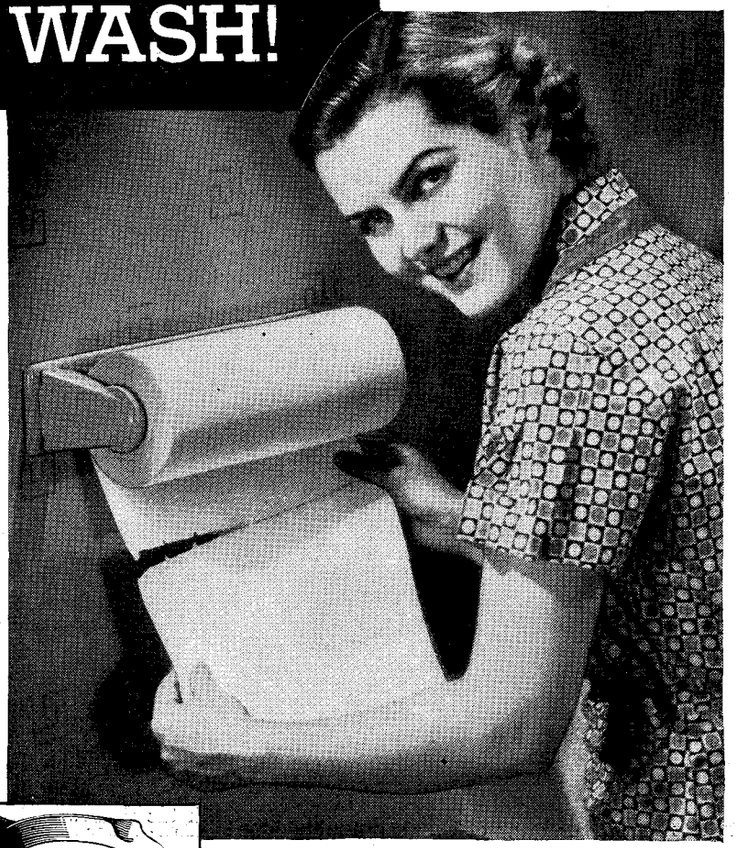
right, wrong; correct, incorrect.—"J. F.," Los Angeles, Calif.—*Wrong* is the antithesis of *right,* and *incorrect* is normally the opposite of *correct. Correct* is derived from the Latin participle *correctus* of the verb *corrigo,* to make straight, reduce to order, set right. Anything that has *not* been made straight, reduced to order, or set right is, therefore, *incorrect,* or, as the dictionary defines it, "not in agreement (1) with a model or standard, or with required or established usage, or (2) with truth, or (3) with morality."

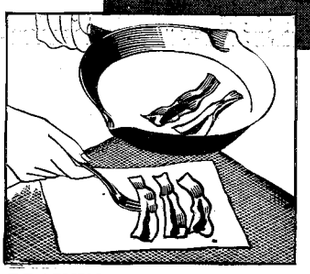
Reduced to fundamentals, a thing—mental, moral, or physical—that is *wrong* can not be made *right.* It is false, untrue, immoral, or evil; and nothing that may be done can convert a falsity into fact, an untruth into truth, an immorality into morality, nor an evil into good. A thing that is *incorrect,* however, is capable of correction. If, for example, a boy in solving a problem has used the right formula but has made an error in multiplication, his *answer* is wrong and can not be made to appear right. The *multiplication,* however, was incorrect and can be corrected. Or again, if he had used the wrong formula, no amount of correction would avail.

A *wrong* statement is false and can not be modified into truth. An *incorrect* statement can be amended into fact. For instance: Jones says, "Smith died yesterday"; but if we see Smith on the street, we know that Jones is *wrong.* Brown says, "Smith almost died yesterday,"—yet Smith is obviously in perfect health to-day! Later we learn that Brown's statement should be amended to, "Smith almost died laughing yesterday," a harmless colloquial statement. Jones was *wrong,* and Brown *incorrect;* for the dead of yesterday are not alive to-day, but Brown's statement could be amended to a reality.

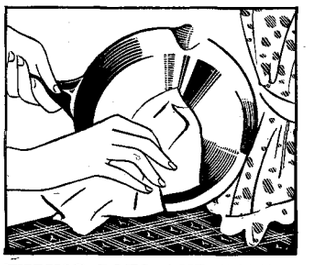
The foregoing is the fundamental distinction between *wrong* and *incorrect.* In usage this nice distinction is rarely observed; the two words are generally used interchangeably.

Towels you don't have to WASH!





DRAINING FOODS—More sanitary and absorbent for draining bacon and other fried foods.



WIPING POTS AND PANS—ScotTowels quickly wipe off grease. Use . . . throw away. Nothing to rinse out afterward.

Millions of Women are now using this New Helper in the Kitchen

SUCH A CONVENIENCE—these kitchen towels you don't have to wash! Always ready for work. Zip—tear one off. Use it. Then throw it away! There is nothing to wash or rinse out afterward. They save good linen towels from spots and stains. And they cut down on your laundry.

Made of "thirsty fibre," an exclusive Scott development, ScotTowels are soft and very absorbent. They really dry. Put handy ScotTowels in your kitchen.

2 big rolls cost only 25¢. 150 towels per roll. On sale at grocery, drug and department stores. Or write Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

(This offer applies only to the U.S., its insular possessions and Canada.)

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, CHESTER, PA.

If your dealer does not sell ScotTowels, send us 50¢ (money or stamps) and you will receive postage paid—

2 ROLLS OF SCOTTOWELS, AND 1 ENAMELED FIXTURE, or SEND $1.00 FOR 6 ROLLS AND ONE FIXTURE

Check color of towel fixture desired: ☐ ivory ☐ pale green

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name and Address_____

D5-30-36

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POPE PIUS XI IS 79; HALE, HARD WORKER

Spiritual Ruler of 300,000,000 Souls Too Busy for a Holiday

As the morning sun pierces the mist over sprawling Janiculum Hill on Sunday, May 31, a bronzed, strong-featured man will wake beneath the roof of his 1,100-room palace, with thanks to God for sparing him to this, his seventy-ninth birthday.

While Rome sleeps, he will array himself in robes of shining white, arrange around his neck a chain from which hangs a cross of pure gold containing a tiny relic of the True Cross.

At six o'clock he will walk with heavy but decisive step to mass in his private chapel. His firm voice will slowly repeat the ritual of the Church. A new year for Pope Pius XI will have begun.

Then, through hallways guarded by tall Swiss guards clad in slashed doublets and armed with ancient pikes, he will go to breakfast. His fare will be that which he first enjoyed as a boy in Lombardy—coffee, a little bread, perhaps some fruit—from kitchens in which labor six chefs.

Spiritual Domain—Immediately after the meal, the supreme teacher, legislator, judge, and governor of the Roman Catholic Church will take up the task of ruling 300,000,000 souls, 20,735,000 of them in the United States.

The man who was born Ambrose Damien Achille Ratti, fourth child of a silk-plant manager in Desio, a small Lombardy village, presents to the world a majestic appearance, with his large forehead, and deeply intelligent eyes. From the day he started his formal education at ten as a student in the Seminary of St. Peter the Martyr in Milan, he displayed brilliance.

Ordained at twenty-two, the rise of the young priest in the church was sensational, until finally in 1922 the College of Cardinals, closeted in a Vatican room while the world waited, named him the 261st Pope by a two-thirds vote. With simple dignity he assumed the long array of titles: Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the State of the City of the Vatican.

He laid aside his favorite recreation—mountain climbing—in his new rôle. For many years, on his annual holidays, he had made difficult ascents in the Alps, including that of Monte Rosa, where an Alpine refuge now marks his achievement. On this trip, his courage and quick thinking saved the life of a guide.

Athletic Feat—These exploits built a firm body. Once while traveling as a young man in England, his train stopped at Leeds. Thinking there was time, he alighted, and bought a ham sandwich. Suddenly the compartment doors slammed shut, and the train started. Sprinting after it Harold Lloyd-fashion, he leaped and landed in the guards' van, to the applause of the porters.

As Pope, the heavy hand of duty stopped his travel and sport, but not his memories. One day the French Ambassador sent him seven volumes on "Geometry of the Alps" by M. Hellbronner. Next day the Ambassador met the Pontiff at a reception. Pius XI had sat up all night reading the books, and praised them.

His daily labors call for the answering of thousands of letters, and the reception of great crowds of pilgrims. In one year—1925—he received more than 1,250,000. One of these, in private audience, asked that the Pope speak in English. "Very well," came the reply, "Good-by."

"To Pope Pius's mind," says the Windsor, Ontario, *Daily Star*, "the ornate chamberlains and dignitaries of the Vatican Court are inimical.

"Beneath the shadow of the Janiculum he is the hardest-working ruler in the world. Too busy to travel, he is a king who never has a holiday."

Fond of Books—In spite of the burden of his work, however, he has many interests. He loves the books in the Vatican library, where he once was librarian. Things mechanical are absorbing to him. Modernizing the Vatican City, one square mile in area, has been almost a hobby.

He built a huge railway station, which he never uses, because he enjoys motoring. The great Italian scientist, Guglielmo Marconi himself, gave the Vatican a radio station. Telegraph and telephones have been installed. The Pope sees many films in his own motion-picture projection rooms. He gave up the idea of an air-port, only because of the narrowness of the grounds.

Even his Summer home high above Lake Albano is modernized, with a model farm where cows are milked by electricity and each chicken has its age and species stamped on a leg ring.

Pius XI has discarded many an outmoded tradition. He was the first Pope to broadcast his blessings, first to speak for talking pictures, first to own an automobile. On February 18, 1929, he granted the first papal interview ever given to a newspaper correspondent, when he received Thomas B. Morgan, United Press Rome bureau manager. He was the first Pope to come out of the Vatican in seventy years.

Troubled Era—The World War was over when Pius became Keeper of the Keys, but he has nevertheless faced dark years. He has watched desperate persecutions of the Catholic Church in Mexico, and Spain, and attacks on all religions in Nazi Germany.

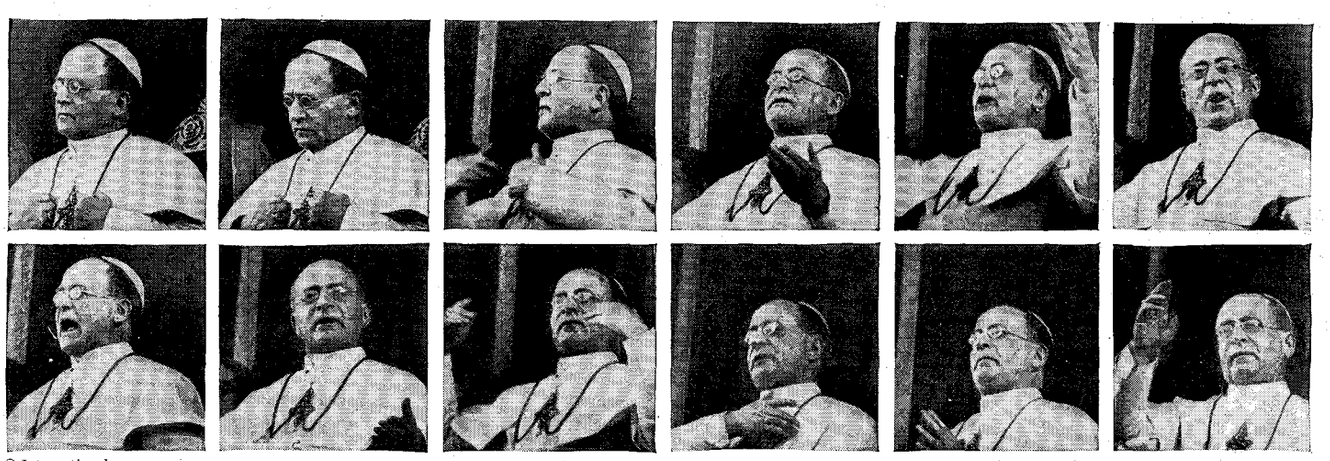
He has frequently fought for the rights of the Church against the plans of Mussolini. He has seen the results of the collapse of an established church in Soviet Russia. And constantly he has used all means within his power to preserve peace.

Asked to denounce Mussolini's war of aggression in Ethiopia, he refused, because, say theologians, the province of the Holy See is to lay down moral law, not to intervene in specific disputes. Such a denunciation to thousands would have meant an intrusion of the Church into a political issue.

When problems of state and messages of congratulation end on Sunday, Pope Pius will dine at ten o'clock—again on simple fare, soup, one egg, fruit. Then work, study, meditation. And at 2 A.M. bed, for the four hours of sleep he allows himself. The birthday will be over.

YOUTH'S AID Milwaukee Credits It With Cutting Crime Bill $58,000,000

Milwaukee's boys' and girls' clubs are saving the city every year an amount equal to twice its annual budget. Mayor Daniel W. Hoan paid this tribute to the social agencies of his City at the opening session of the Boys' Clubs of America Conference in Philadelphia. His reasoning: the per capita cost of crime in the United States is



© International

A speech by Pope Pius XI: (left to right) His Holiness, calm at first, becomes more emphatic as he speaks, and ends with the sign of the cross, a prayer, and a benediction

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$120. This would make Milwaukee's total $72,000,000. But her actual crime bill was barely one-fifth of that amount. Therefore, preventing her children from becoming criminals saved her $58,000,000.

* * *

Philanthropist John C. Hardin, eighty-one, whose first Texas home was an earth dug-out on the Red River, and whose $5,000,000 fortune grew from an original investment of $127, is determined to give all of his money away. So far he has managed to dispose of all but $500,000. Baptist institutions in Texas have received most of it.

* * *

Father Paul Schulte, Roman Catholic priest who came to this country on the *Hindenburg* and celebrated mass in her lounge during the trip, is planning a missionary flight to Hudson Bay this summer. He represents the M. I. V. A. (the letters stand for a lengthy Latin title), which has supplied 140 planes, motorboats, and automobiles to out-of-the-way spots.

* * *

The Southern Baptists believe that the liquor situation is "far worse, more debasing, and more alarming than at any time during the old days of the saloon." In a report at their national Convention, they cited 1,874 licensed liquor places in Washington, D. C., compared to 267 in the year before Prohibition, and said "liquor has almost a free hand, and is virtually in control of the whole community."

* * *

Recovery during 1935 failed to register gains for United States schools. That year, new reports show, found 40,000 fewer public school-teachers than in the peak year of 1929; 2,400 schools in eighteen States closed for lack of funds; and 31,672 school districts in twenty-four with shortened school years. There were 200,000 teachers earning less than $750 a year; 85,000 less than $450; 45,000 less than $300, and forty States owed more than $4,000,000 in back wages.

* * *

The "ideal married couple" has been found. Bernarr Macfadden on June 5 will award a trophy to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert F. McDonell, of Gainesville, Florida, along with the title.

The "ideal" conditions were these: two children, a home independent of relatives, a wife who neither works herself nor interferes in her husband's business, a family income of $1,450 a year, and an attractive home.

* * *

More than 175,000 "talking books" will be sent out to the nation's 125,000 blind free by the WPA. Along with them will go 10,000 small phonographs on which the recordings may be played. The list will include 165 titles selected from the works of Charles Dickens and other famous authors, and the voices will be those of Alexander Woollcott, Walter Hampden, Sybil Thorndike, William Beebe and Esther Everett.

* * *

On July 1, the oldest public library in the United States will observe its 195th birthday. Benjamin Franklin thought up the idea, and in 1731 one hundred members joined the Public Library of Philadelphia. At first it was hard going, with the rooms open but twelve hours a week. Once the rent had to be paid with a basket of wheat. But as time went on the idea grew, and new members and new volumes appeared. To-day its shelves hold more than 250,000 books.

...see the
OLYMPICS

The Olympics and many special festivals can be attended at

UNUSUALLY LOW COSTS!

BECAUSE of special rates and discounts now available to American travelers Germany offers a most economical and stimulating vacation for all who can go abroad at this time.

The athletic champions of about 50 nations are entered in the Olympic Games, August 1st to 16th, in Berlin's new stadium of impressive grandeur and beauty.

And during the Summer and Fall there will be many great music festivals, jubilee anniversaries of historic German cities 100 to 1200 years old, open air theatres, folk festivals, fetes, and international exhibits of arts and sciences.

German railroad tickets are available here at a reduction of 60%; and other expenses can be paid in Travel Marks at rates considerably under the present general rate of exchange.

You can save in excess of one quarter of your expenses in Germany by using these Travel Marks in convenient travelers' checks.

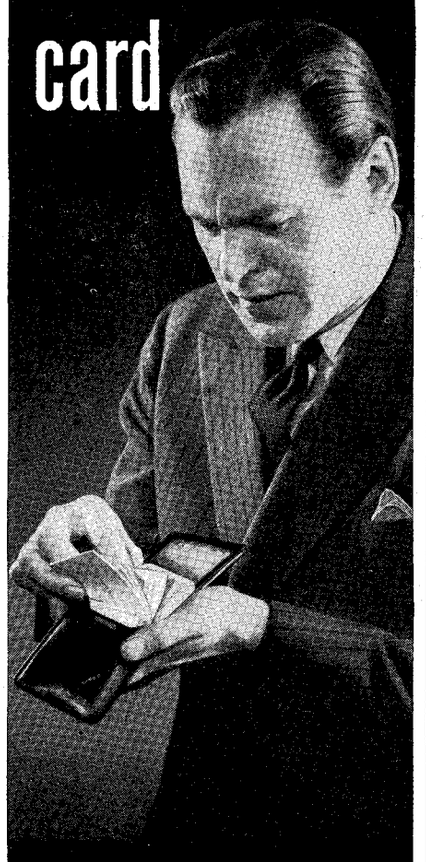
Ask or write for information from any of our offices.

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE
65 Broadway, New York

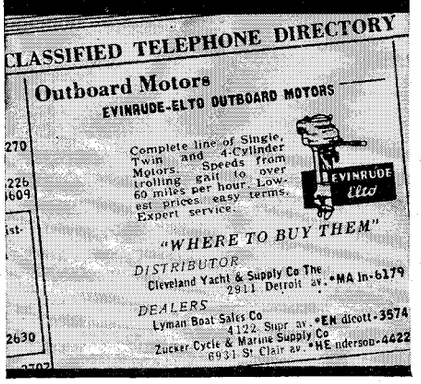
THOS. COOK & SON • **RAYMOND-WHITCOMB**
587 Fifth Ave., New York **670 Fifth Ave., New York**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Guess I lost that man's card



. . . but I can find him under Outboard Motors in the Classified Telephone Book"


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
Outboard Motors
EVINRUDE-ELTO OUTBOARD MOTORS
Complete line of Single, Twin and 4-Cylinder Motors. Speeds from trolling GRIT to over 60 miles per hour. Lowest prices, easy terms. Expert service.
EVINRUDE Elto
"WHERE TO BUY THEM"
DISTRIBUTOR
Cleveland Yacht & Supply Co The 2911 Detroit av. *MA In-6179
DEALERS
Lyman Boat Sales Co 4122 Supr av *EN dicott-3574
Zucker Cycle & Marine Supply Co 6931 St Clair av. *HE nderson-4422

WHEN you want a certain service or product and want to find who sells it, turn to the classified. Look under Insurance, Automobiles, Refrigerators, etc. Save time—telephone.

National Defense

PACT ON NAVIES Senate Ratifies Three - Power Formula Reached at London

In the shipyards of a score of nations hundreds of men batter millions of amber-hot rivets into steel plates. In a world preparing by sea, land and air for an uncertain future, every attempt to halt the building of war-ships had failed. Japan and Italy had walked out of the February conference in London.

The United States, Britain, and France, salvaging what they could out of the wreckage, agreed at least to tell one another what they intended to build.

Last week the Senate in Washington ratified this half-a-loaf agreement without enthusiasm. It was less than Americans had hoped for in January, more than they had expected in March.

Limitations Fixed—Under the three-Power arrangement the maximum of capital ships is to be 35,000 tons with fourteen-inch guns; the maximum of aircraft carriers is to be 22,000 tons with 6.1-inch guns; cruiser and destroyer categories are to be classed as "light surface vessels" and limited to 8,000 tons with 5.1-inch guns; the limit on submarines is fixed at 2,000 tons with 5.1-inch guns; a holiday is decreed in the building of heavy cruisers or "pocket battle-ships" in the zone between 8,000 and 17,500 tons.

Most significant of the provisions, altho they render them virtually meaningless, are the "escape" clauses. These provide that the signatory Powers are not bound by the agreement in the event that any part of the pact is violated by any Power, signatory or not, or in the event that a signatory Power is threatened by war.

The arrangement for supplying advance information provides that four months before workmen prepare the keel-laying, the other two Powers will be informed of the tonnage, speed, number and caliber of guns and number of torpedo tubes, but no other details.

Eyes on Far East—Characteristic of the conference's evasion of fundamental problems is the absence of any mention of total tonnages or of parity. Even the specific provisions are subject to amendment on the basis of action taken by the Japanese; if Tokyo mounts sixteen- or even eighteen-inch guns on capital ships, the fourteen-inch restriction will be automatically waived.

The Senate and American public found some consolation in a private "gentlemen's agreement" between Ambassador-at-Large Norman H. Davis and British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden maintaining the Anglo-American *entente cordiale* in the face of Nippon's defection.

Some newspaper commentators rejoiced, at least mildly.

Walter Lippmann in the New York *Herald Tribune* found it "an excellent arrangement for discouraging naval competition," but the New York *Daily News* warned that "our most important job is to keep our defenses superior to the aggressive weapons of our most logical next enemy—Japan."

The London Times fretted that "there are still uncertainties remaining . . . the limitations will be fully operative only if they are accepted by . . . other navies."

EVINRUDE SPORTSMAN $55

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR OUTBOARD

1936 model an even greater value than before. The Sportsman attaches instantly to any boat, drives rowboats, canoes, skiffs, fishing boats up to 7 m.p.h. Runs 3 hours on gallon of fuel. So simple to operate that a child can easily start and run it.

Note the handy light weight—only 24½ lbs. Extremely quiet—underwater silenced. Write today for new catalog describing Sportsman and 7 other Evinrude models, including the new Hooded Power SPORTWIN, only $77. . . Or, 'phone your Evinrude dealer for a demonstration—his name is listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory.

Address EVINRUDE, 4814 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

YOUR VACATION AT THE SEASHORE

Sunny sandy beaches, cool sea breezes, dunes, historic shrines, swimming, sailing, sports.

See amazing bargain on page 41.

It's Reasonable . .

that, with a new world in the making, there should be clashes of opinion on every development of importance.

It's Practical . .

for intelligent men and women to know *all* sides of these controversies, so they can arrive at sound conclusions and act accordingly. *Only* The Literary Digest renders this comprehensive, unbiased service each week.

The Literary Digest

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Send me The Literary Digest for 52 weeks and bill me for $4 (Foreign—$5.00; Canada—$4.00).

Name .....
L.D. 5-30-36

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM A PENCIL-MARK TO A FLAG-SHIP

New Ideas in Publicity as "Queen Mary" Vies for Blue Ribbon

A $25,000,000 ocean liner isn't the easiest thing in the world to pay for, even on the instalment plan. To start money coming in her owners must get passengers and freight, and to get passengers and freight they must advertise; but advertising itself usually costs money, so one has still more going out for every dollar that comes in.

That was the dilemma which Terence F. MacGrath, six-foot advertising and publicity director for Cunard White Star, faced two and one-half years ago, when he tackled the job of making the *Queen Mary* pay for herself as far as eastbound voyages are concerned. So he began to look about him for a promotion plan that would cost little.

It occurred to him that altho pencils are, compared with ships, about the cheapest things in the world to make, it was a lowly five-cent pencil which checked off the few words on a shipowner's memo-pad in December, 1930, from which the *Queen Mary* sprang. So he dictated a letter to a leading American pencil manufacturer out of which grew a full-page "ad" pointing out the dramatic connection between pencils and superliners. The "ad" included a drawing of the newest queen of the seas, but it cost Cunard White Star only a few stamps.

Personal Supersaleswoman — On Monday afternoon, June 1, R. M. S. *Queen Mary* will arrive in New York for the first time, but in her wake the amazing results of Mr. MacGrath's ingenious publicity campaign continues to flow into the coffers. For since that hint was dropped to the pencil manufacturer, forty-nine sets of letters have been sent to more than 3,000 leading American business firms, inviting executives to use the graceful craft as their own personal supersaleswoman.

One letter persuaded fashion forecasters to foster a "*Queen Mary* vogue." British dressmakers, quick to capitalize on the idea, promptly brought out several creations, in particular an evening gown, dedicated to the newest of ocean liners. They will be shown at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on June 4, the day before the *Queen Mary* makes her maiden voyage back to England.

Other suggestions led to *Queen Mary* "sun-deck" sandals, camel's hair traveling coats, berets, turbans, and sailor-hats, knitted gloves, displayed in advertising on the hands of a woman holding a book with the Cunard White Star flag-ship on the cover, and a hand-bag with an opening clasp made of three bars painted scarlet with black tops simulating the line's characteristic funnels.

Then came accessories running the gamut from wrist-watches to compacts and cosmetics, including soap shaped like a life-preserver, with *Queen Mary* stamped along its upper arc. One luggage manufacturer on Mr. MacGrath's mailing-list dedicated a wardrobe-trunk to the ship.

Horticulturists, prompted by letter, are bringing out *Queen Mary* roses, azaleas, dahlias, and irises. Air-lines are connecting scheduled New York departures with "*Queen Mary* Flyers" from various parts of the United States. Department-store stickers flaunt the new liner.

Young Idea—Even America's youngsters are helping Mr. MacGrath stimulate travel interest. One breakfast-food package contains *Queen Mary* cut-outs. Two more offer jig-saw puzzles and ship-model kits. A five-and-ten-cent store has sold half a million cut-outs for youngsters.

A candy manufacturer offers a special assortment dedicated to the new liner. Restaurants and bars serve dishes made from recipes prepared by the line's chefs and cocktails concocted by the line's bartenders. All this represents good-will, stimulated by one of the set of letters, not a penny having been paid as inducement.

Where American industries have a direct interest in the new liner, their public relations departments have cooperated with

Robert E. Coates Photo

Terence F. MacGrath: He believes publicity is a much misunderstood term

Mr. MacGrath, whose big job was coordinating all these activities. For example, releases were mailed by the Technical Publicity Department of the Electro Metallurgical Company telling of the fifteen tons of stainless steel used in the *Queen Mary's* pantry and kitchen.

Uncle Sam even helped with the PWA Press Section's Release No. 1879 detailing progress on Pier No. 90 in the Hudson River, New York, made possible by $1,193,000 in Federal funds. American manufacturers of equipment as diverse as elevators and gyro-compasses issued articles of their work as adapted to the new liner.

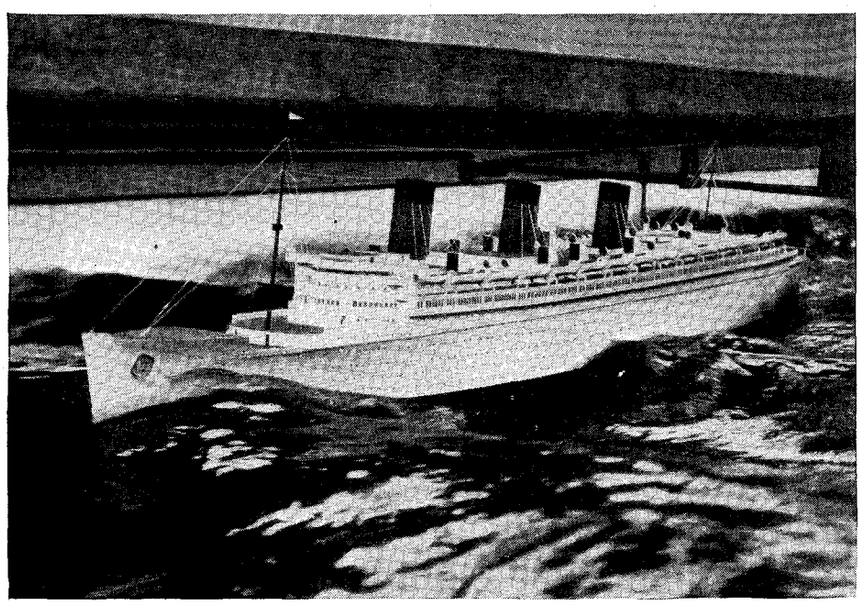
Radio Hook-up—Radiobroadcasting of two nations is covering the maiden voyage from Southampton, starting on May 27. The British Broadcasting Corporation, National Broadcasting Company, and Columbia Broadcasting System are hooked together for the May 27-June 1 period in a single giant English-speaking unit.

Southampton departure and New York arrival comprise two high spots. Sandwiched between, on shipboard, were news-reports, feature broadcasts of shipboard entertainments, and a radio tour of the giant liner, wired for sound from bow to stern. Through the air were to come the noises of boiler-room, engine-room, swimming-pool, children's play-room, restaurant, squash-court, third-class garden lounge, chart-room, and wheel-house.

Four short-wave transmitters will be used constantly, in addition to the *Queen Mary's* regular wireless equipment. As the mighty liner is warped into her pier, announcers will describe the docking, and interview passengers. But Terence MacGrath will scurry off the short horizontal gang-plank and hustle away with his American wife and their eight-year-old daughter to rest a bit as this phase of his publicity campaign ends.

Three Digits—Born in London of Irish descent, Mr. MacGrath brought to America, in 1920, a Celtic temperament quick to grasp the American way of going about his job, and a less volatile British phlegm which served to temper more florid tactics. While the liner, ordered in December, 1930, was merely No. 534, he made an asset out of a difficulty. It was hard to titillate a public with three digits.

Every so often rumors trickled through



Cunard White Star Photo

One-fiftieth the "Queen Mary's" size, this 20-foot model rides waves under own electric power

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1—Write on a sheet of paper with Parker's PERMANENT Quink and any other ink, and leave it outdoors exposed to the sun a few days.

2—Write on another sheet the same way, and let it soak in water for a day or two, then dry.

Anyone can make these simple tests and see how Parker PERMANENT Quink—the new creation in writing ink—does what no other ink can do:

I—PERMANENT Quink lasts as long as the paper. (This does not apply to WASHABLE Quink for home and school. That washes out without trace.)

II—Quink cleanses a pen as it writes—a Parker or any *other* pen. For one harmless ingredient in Quink dissolves sediment left by pen-clogging inks. Thus Quink makes your pen start instantly—every time.

III—Quink dries ON PAPER by penetration—so fast you'll throw your blotters away. Yet Quink *resists* evaporation—hence does NOT dry in a pen.

Get Quink today for 15c and test it yourself. See what new distinction it gives your writing, because it is not a watery ink, but rich, full-bodied, brilliant. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker Quink

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

YOUR VACATION IN THE MOUNTAINS

Lofty mountains, trails above timberline, singing brooks, fishing, loafing, golf.

See amazing offer on page 41.

"Heaven and Hell"

With a sketch of Swedenborg's life

One of the most interesting of the writings of **EMANUEL SWEDENBORG**, theologian, philosopher and scientist. 632 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without further cost or obligation on receipt of **5c**

Write for complete list of publications

SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, INC.
Room 1645, 51 East 42nd St., New York

for Itching of Rashes
Cuticura Ointment
gives Quick Relief
aids Healing

transatlantic cables that No. 534 was to become *Britannia*, after the original Cunard steamship of 1840, able to carry 145 persons, the same number that one of No. 534's twenty-four unsinkable life-boats will hold; or *Victoria*, after Britain's last reigning Queen. Each denial of these rumors gave him a fresh opportunity to present more facts about the new ship.

Of all these boomerang reports, the most interesting one was twisted around about a month before the launching. It was something like this: A delegation of Cunard White Star directors called on the late King George V and told him that the line hoped to name No. 534 for Britain's greatest Queen.

"I am sure Her Majesty will be most pleased," the monarch replied. Whereupon, the chagrined directors, London gossips whispered, had to call their ship *Queen Mary* when they had the King's grandmother, Queen Victoria, in mind.

Mr. MacGrath swiftly turned muddled rumor into concrete fact. He pointed out to the press that whatever the truth of these stories, the King's action had solved the problem of naming the first ship to be built by the amalgamated Cunard and White Star companies. All Cunarders' names end in *-ia*, such as *Britannia*, while White Star liners' names end in *-ic*, such as *Britannic*.

Thus, *Queen Mary* begins a new series for the merged Cunard White Star company, and a new rumor holds that the proposed running-mate for the flag-ship in maintaining a weekly New York-Southampton express service will be called the *King George*.

To help bring about this two-ship schedule visualized by the line's directors, Mr. MacGrath's job now is to see to it that every time the flag-ship leaves New York, she carries 735 cabin, 760 tourist, and 580 third-class passengers. The $25,000,000 vessel is booked to the gunwales for her first six voyages, westbound and eastbound.

Blue Ribbons—When she turns around to head for England on Friday, June 5, the greatest sporting event in maritime history is expected to begin—the contest of the *Queen Mary* and the French Line's *Normandie* for the ephemeral blue ribbon designating which speed-queen rules the waves. If power means anything, the former will have plenty to use, and to spare.

But passengers, after the first glow of cutting through the seas at thirty-odd knots, are more interested in being comfortable. And Commodore Sir Edgar Britten, the flag-ship's hearty skipper, hopes to prove the Cunard White Star theory that this will be a ship which won't have to cut speed in the face of rough weather.

Developing that theory, hundreds of tests were made with self-propelled models in a 400-foot tank. Great seas were simulated, 500 feet from crest to crest, and fifty feet high, at a scale of one-fiftieth actual size, conforming with a model *Queen Mary*. Through this theoretical oceanic turmoil there came, under her own electric power, and following the observation-platform, a twenty-foot ship, exact in dimension, weight, and balance, traveling at the equivalent of thirty-two knots.

Since the distance covered through a succession of forty of these gigantic waves was twenty times the model's length, every combination of thrust and stress that it was possible for head seas to produce was encountered. Only wind-blown sea-crests were missing. The apparently inevitable crash of combers was not there as great waves slid harmlessly by without visibly disturbing the model's equilibrium.

Yet that working model is not the largest copy of the original *Queen Mary*. The largest steamship-model ever made for display use is at the line's New York offices, 25 Broadway.

Terence MacGrath is proud of this model for publicity purposes, but the *Queen Mary* herself, to Cunard White Star men, is just the flag-ship of their fleet.

U. S. TIE TO BALTIC New Polish Ship "Weds" Sea Waters to New York Bay

Rye bread, salt, a silver urn of water from the Baltic and a ring wrought of amber picked up near Gdynia, Polish seaport, were to bind Poland and the United States anew on May 27. These gifts came with the motor-liner *Batory* of the Gdynia America Line's Gdynia-Copenhagen-Halifax-Hoboken service.

With ancient Slavic ritual, Poles welcome strangers, wishing them good fortune A loaf of rye bread and a wooden cellar of salt on a tray carved by Polish hillbillies, and covered by an embroidered napkin of flax, betoken good luck and hospitality for the newcomer.

But, before that, for the first time in recorded history, the Baltic Sea was to be "married" to the American side of the Atlantic in solemn ceremony in Upper New York Bay. First, the *Batory's* chaplain pours Baltic water from its silver urn into the Bay. Then, a high Polish official casts the ring of amber into the harbor. These rites hark back to medieval Venice's annual "Marriage of the Adriatic," when bewhiskered Doges went through such a ceremony.

The newcomer is named for Stephen Batory, King of Poland from 1576 to 1586, founder of Poland's maritime ambitions

Capt. Eustazy Borkowski is the *Batory's* veteran skipper. Thirty-five years ago he went to sea as a deck-boy at $2.50 a month He has packed his career, begun on a three-masted Norwegian barkantine, and continued on Russian ships, with four rescues at sea, decoration twelve times by four nations for War services, and the opportunity to learn sixteen languages.

Capt. Eustazy Borkowski: From $2.50-a-month deck-boy to Poland's ranking skipper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sport and Sportsmen

DEADLY RACING Casualty Record High in Indianapolis Automobile Marathons

Mile after dizzy mile the glittering, stream-lined racing cars have spun around the rough brick oval, motors roaring, drivers and mechanics crouched low against a relentless, hundred-mile-an-hour wind.

Scarcely fifteen minutes have elapsed since the starting bomb sent the thirty-three Argonauts flying away in quest of a modern Golden Fleece. Yet even now the huge crowd of more than 150,000 spectators is tense, expectant, seemingly awaiting something it dreads and yet wants to happen.

Suddenly it does happen. A low-slung, black car, roaring out of the northwest turn at 110 miles an hour, swerves crazily off to the right, smashes against the retaining wall and caroms back across the track, finally hurtling end over end onto the green infield.

The vast crowd is horrified. Quickly word spreads that the car's driver, twenty-four-year-old Clay Weatherly, is dead, that his mechanic has a fractured spine, and that the car is the one in which Johnny Hannon had been killed attempting to qualify nine days before the race.

Sinister Fascination—For perhaps fifteen minutes 150,000 people check and recheck detailed versions of the crash, recall that the same day Hannon was killed two other men died. Then once more they settle down to their rapt absorption in the 500-mile drama, wondering how many more of the actors will add to the death toll before this 1935 version of the Indianapolis race is over.

Whether they will admit it or not, most of the spectators who attend the annual Memorial Day race this week are lured there by the morbid fascination of its dangers.

"A huge majority knows nothing about the technicalities of automobile racing," writes the Editor of *Sports Illustrated,* "nor about the men whose lives are at stake out on the track. Men, women and children sit hypnotized in a strained atmosphere, made inferno-like by the roar of powerful motors and the smell of burning oil. They are waiting for death to stalk the hurtling monsters on the track."

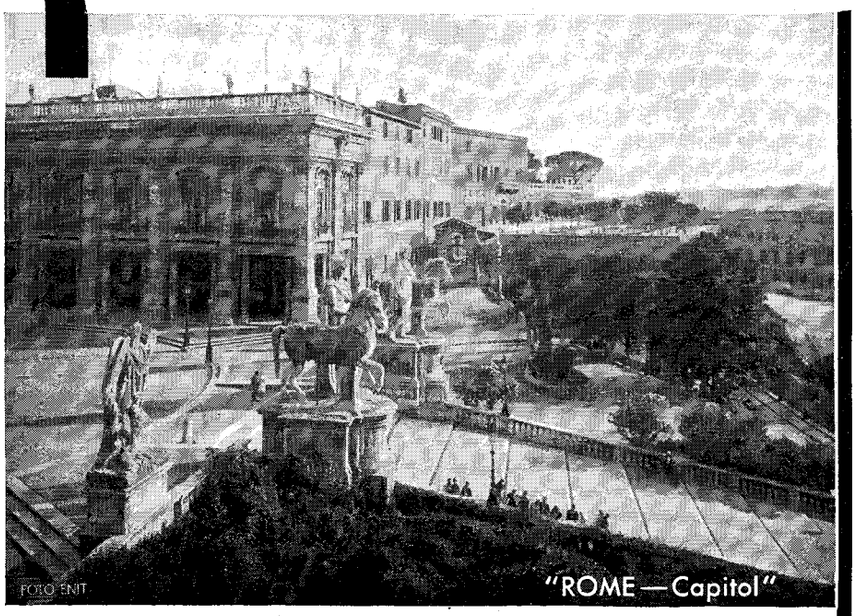
In spite of the efforts of those who do know about the technicalities of automobile racing, and who are anxious to reduce the dangers of the Indianapolis marathon, the race is still one of the most dangerous sports events in the world.

Casualty Record—Since 1911 fifteen drivers, seven mechanics, and nine spectators have been killed, and dozens badly injured in connection with the twenty-three races. The high was reached in 1933, when two men were killed qualifying and three more during the race itself.

It is obvious that the Golden Fleece must be very valuable to entice drivers and mechanics to risk life and limb in its pursuit. Fifty thousand dollars is distributed among the first ten cars finishing, with $20,000 going to the winner and $10,000 to the car placing second. Another $10,000 is divided by cars which start but do not finish. The remaining $40,000 of a $100,000 purse is made up by accessory

ITALY

is now the most INEXPENSIVE country in which to spend your VACATION!



- RAILROAD FARES are reduced from 50 to 70% below normal rates.
- HOTEL COUPONS insure low inclusive hotel rates.
- GASOLINE COUPONS make motoring inexpensive.
- TOURIST LETTERS OF CREDIT are sold at the principal Banks and Travel Agencies at

$6.05 PER 100 LIRE

The same exchange is available for *Hotel* and *Gasoline* Coupons as well as for Inclusive Tour Coupons.

For information apply to ALL TRAVEL AGENCIES or to ITALIAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE (COlumbus 5-1300) Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK, N. Y.; 333 North Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.; 604 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR VACATION
AMONG THE LAKES

10,000 lakes, sun-bathed wharfs and beaches, cool pine woods, mountain streams, sports.

See amazing bargain on page 41.

The Key to Comfort in NEW YORK CITY
HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON
$3.00 Daily
Write for Booklet L
1200 Rooms . . . all with bath and radio
7th Ave. and 31st Street, New York City
Opp. Penn Sta. • Under Knott Management

TRAIN SICKNESS

Speed in Comfort
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

By a Mother of Seven Children
COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS
On Bringing Up Your Children From Babyhood to Adolescence
By MRS. JOHN S. REILLY
Introduction by Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley
"Good, sound common sense, backed by experience"—*The New York Times.* "A veritable blessing to all perplexed mothers"—*The Wichita Eagle.* "Practical in application and entertainingly expressed"—*Boston Globe.*
$2.00; by mail, $2.14.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354 Fourth Avenue New York

How to Speak English Effectively
By Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D.

In this volume, written for the purpose of helping persons who are interested in speaking correctly, the author says, "Speech plays such a vital part in life that the person without an intimate knowledge of how to pronounce words correctly is heavily handicapped. To one who has at command a golden treasury of result-getting words, almost any goal is possible."

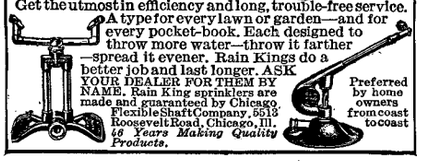
"Such a book is needed in these days when cheap colloquialisms and mispronunciations seem to be sought after rather than avoided."—*Boston Transcript.*

"An effective and practical manual of English speech which should be of great service to all who are lame on pronunciation and usage."—*Detroit News.*

Cloth, 260 pages, $1.75; by mail, $1.89.

At all bookstores or from
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

BE SURE THE SPRINKLER YOU BUY IS A LONG-LIFE
Genuine Rain King
Get the utmost in efficiency and long, trouble-free service. A type for every lawn or garden—and for every pocket-book. Each designed to throw more water—throw it farther—spread it evener. Rain Kings do a better job and last longer. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM BY NAME. Rain King sprinklers are made and guaranteed by Chicago Flexible Shaft Company, 5513 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill. *46 Years Making Quality Products.*



Preferred by home owners from coast to coast

manufacturers who present winners with sums varying from $5,000 down for the use of their accessory on the winning car.

Kelly Petillo, young Italian who won last year, collected a total of $30,600, representing first money, lap prizes and donations from accessory manufacturers. The highest sum ever earned was $50,150, won by Billy Arnold in 1930.

Expensive Sport—Naturally, too, huge sums are spent by owners of cars, most of which are raced by professional drivers on a percentage basis. The average car costs from $10,000 to $15,000, but will run close to $20,000 after a few years of racing. Cliff Durant, millionaire racing enthusiast, spent between $200,000 and $300,000 in attempting to win the Indianapolis race with his specially made Detroit Special. In 1932 he sold it for a song, only to see its new owner's driver, Fred Frame, win the race.

But, regardless of how much money is spent on equipment for the race, drivers and cars must pass rigid tests before they can compete. New, unorthodox cars and apprentice drivers must circle the two-and-a-half-mile track fifty times at speeds ranging from eighty to 110 miles an hour.

Even after successfully qualifying, the expensive, specially-constructed racing cars have often developed minute cracks and flaws resulting in breakdowns and crashes during the pounding, jarring ride over the rough bricks. To detect unseen flaws this year, cars must submit to tests by a complex, electrical device called a magnaflux.

Every vital part affected by strain during the race is magnetized, then immersed in an oil solution containing black, magnetized powder. When the solution is washed off, hidden cracks previously invisible to the eye, are distinctly etched in sharp, black lines.

Safeguards Devised—Other safety measures, such as a restriction on oil to prevent careless splashing of the track by loose motors, the use of rear-view mirrors, and the introduction of four-wheel brakes, have been publicized by promoters of the Indianapolis race as proof that the annual marathon provides a testing-ground for the passenger automobile of the future.

In spite of elaborate safety devices, of new retaining walls constructed this year to prevent cars from plunging off the track, and of physical and driving tests for the competitors, mental fatigue as well as metal fatigue has played a part in the many spectacular crashes at Indianapolis.

For the human element enters largely into this exhausting, dangerous, 500-mile spin around the track. There is more to race driving than simply sitting down in a car and jamming the accelerator pedal to the floor. A car may take a banked curve easily at 110 miles an hour, but slip over the embankment at 120. Consequently, scientific drivers are students of angles, curves and speed.

They are also sportsmen of a high plane. Automobile racing is primarily a strictly commercial affair. Yet few instances are known of drivers disqualified for dangerous driving.

Heroic Driver—The most spectacular instance of sportsmanship in the Indianapolis race occurred in 1927, when Norman Batton's car caught fire just as it entered the home stretch. Conscious of the danger to other drivers and to spectators in the stands, Batton stayed with his flaming car until it was under control, standing with one foot braced against the rear axle. A year later Batton and another race

Individuality and Clothes
What They Are Saying About This Brilliant Book
By Margaret Story

How to Express Personality in Attire
"Here is first aid for the bewildered woman who wants to express her personality in her clothes and so manage her attire as to bring out her good points and camouflage her poor ones and does not know how to go about it."—*New York Times.*

High Time Some One Wrote This Book
"Any woman who can look at the chapter headings of this book and resist reading it, is either 99 years old or too young to understand. . . . It's high time some one wrote a book like this."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Authoritative Guide to Dress-Wisdom
"It is an authoritative guide to dress-wisdom and belongs among the best books of its kind."—*Salt Lake City Deseret News.*

Takes the "High" Out of the Cost of Being Well-Dressed
"No woman need say now that she can't dress correctly because she can't afford to, for this book takes the 'high' out of price levels, and puts the art of well dressing, 'chic' dressing, harmonious dressing, in the hands of every individual who has pride in personal appearance through proper attire."—*Columbus State Journal.*

Beautifully Illustrated by Dale Adams
All Book Stores. Cloth bound, $3.50. By mail, $3.68.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE
By GRENVILLE KLEISER

The author tells how to achieve the things we wish in life by proper planning.
A book for those who wish to round out their lives with practical usefulness and worthwhile success.
"A book you are surely going to want to read."—says *The Nashville Banner.*
"Not the dogmatic preachings of a fanatic, but a sane discourse on private economic planning."—*Minneapolis Star.*
$2.00; by mail, $2.14
At all bookstores or from the Publishers
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

FREE *Write for a copy of this useful booklet*
"What to Buy"
Gives valuable information for those
• PLANNING A VACATION •
• BUYING A MOTOR CAR •
• TAKING OUT INSURANCE •

This interesting and useful little shopper's guide reviews current advertisements published in The Literary Digest; contains the latest news about products for the home and family, briefly describes the leading motor cars and accessories, gives information about tours, resorts, places to go to and how to travel this summer. Reviews interesting life and accident insurance plans. Also prints names and addresses of manufacturers featuring literature, samples and trial offers. Write for your copy of this valuable Advertising Guide. It is free.

The Literary Digest
Dept. W, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City
Name .....
Address .....
.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

driver, Earl Devore, drowned in the *S.S. Vestris* after they surrendered their seats in one of the few life-boats.

The race driver type has undergone changes as radical as those affecting cars since Ray Harroun won the first running at an average of 74.59 miles an hour, a speed that would not even qualify a modern automobile for participation.

"The days of the heavy-footed, rough, daring, boastful driver are gone," writes Cy La Tour, a former competitor, in *Sports Illustrated*. "In his place one finds the well-groomed, soft-spoken, well-educated and athletic young man whose very nature is tied up with that yearning for speed and thrills found only in motor-racing."

ACID TEST IN GOLF It's the "Jitters" That Threatens Experts in Tournaments

It takes skill and brains and a sizable chunk of good luck to win the National Open golf championship, most important of the American tournaments open to both professionals and amateurs.

But chances are that when the last divot is replaced and the final scores posted next week at the Baltusrol Golf Club in Short Hills, New Jersey, the 1936 champion will not necessarily be the most skilful, nor the brainiest, nor even the luckiest golfer in the United States.

In all probability, the winner in the field of 170 top-notch professionals and amateurs will be the man who has most successfully disregarded that omnipresent bane of tournament golfers, the "jitters."

Upset for Notable—Take Bobby Jones, the best amateur golfer in the game's history until his retirement in 1930: Practising for the annual Masters' Tournament at Augusta, Georgia, last March, he was sixteen strokes under par for the seventy-two holes. Top-heavy betting made him a 6 to 1 choice against a picked field of the country's finest players.

But in the tournament Jones posted a 306, one of the worst scores he ever made, was twenty-one strokes behind the winner, and finished thirty-third in a field of forty-five players.

A more recent victim of tournament golf "jitters" was Patty Berg, sensational young American player who was runner-up for the 1935 United States women's amateur championship and a consistent winner during the winter tourneys. Last week in the British women's championship Miss Berg went completely to pieces and was eliminated in the second round by a little-known English golfer, Miss Elsie Corlett.

Even in the qualifying rounds, before actual play starts, expert golfers have fallen prey to the game's most prevalent malady.

Expert Barred—Lawson Little, Jr., the only man ever to win both the American and British amateur championships two years in a row, faltered in qualifying for the coming Open tournament. He will not be allowed to compete, even tho in every-day play he could probably defeat two-thirds of the successful qualifiers.

There are as many causes for these sudden and mysterious attacks of "jitters" as there are golfers. Most amateur tournaments are played on a match basis, with players competing hole for hole until one has gained a sufficient lead to obviate the necessity of completing the round. Under such conditions young players are often overawed by big names and are virtually beaten before the match begins.

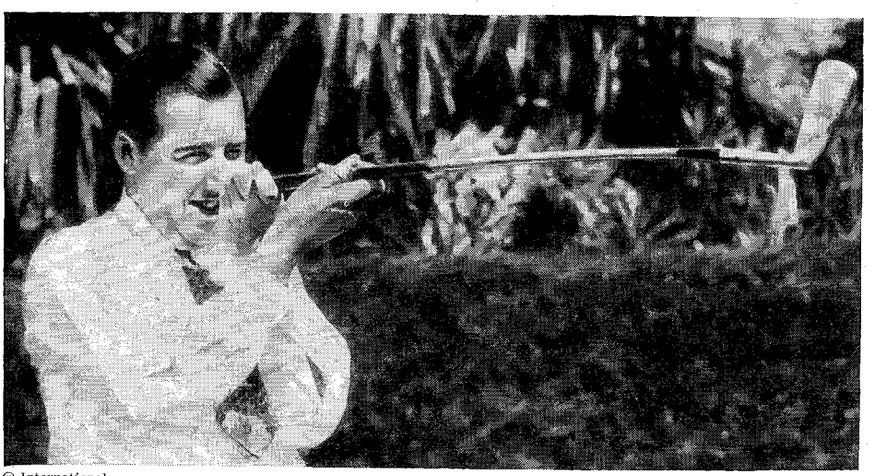
But in the Open tournaments, where play is on a stroke basis, big names mean nothing. Every player is competing not against another player but against himself and against his own powers of concentration.

Slips Costly—Concentrate he must, every stroke of the way, for one bad drive, one missed putt, may mean the championship. Ten of the National Open tourneys have ended in ties, and three more in triple ties, necessitating play-offs. And in eight of the thirty-nine championships the winner has scored by a margin of one stroke for the seventy-two holes.

"The hardest thing in any big tournament is to keep on concentrating," Horton Smith, one of the favorites for the coming Open, told Grantland Rice, syndicate sports columnist.

But the very fact that concentration, or the absence of "jitters," plays such an important part in the making and breaking of golf stars gives outsiders a better chance to win the Open than they have in perhaps any other major sporting event.

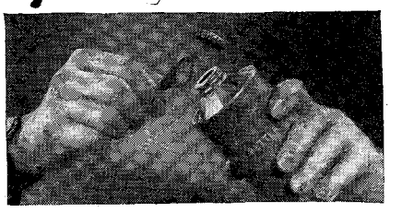
Example: Last year at Oakmont, Sam Parks, Jr., a dark horse whose chances were considered virtually nil against a field of brilliant golfers, kept a tight rein on his nerves and won the championship, his first major tournament victory. This year, having qualified again, he will be in there trying to repeat.



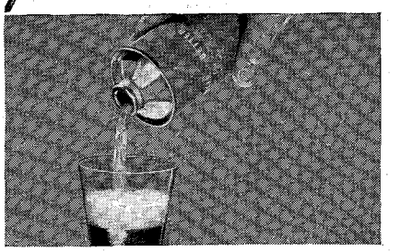
© International

Sam Parks, Jr.: A successful dark horse who hopes to repeat his victory

Opens LIKE A BOTTLE



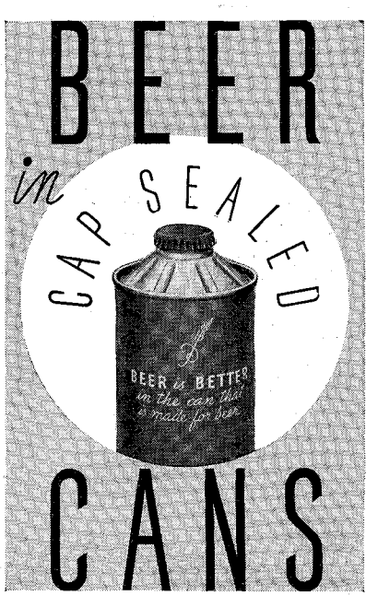
pours LIKE A BOTTLE



tastes BETTER

BEER, the beverage of a billion smiles, now tastes better than ever—from the Cap Sealed Can.

This can has a special lining that is to metal what beer barrel lining is to wood. No special instrument is needed to remove the cap, and the beer pours over a clean, protected surface. No deposits—no returns to bother about. Try some today and taste the difference.



Continental Can Company

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLD FLOWS TO CHINA; SILVER TO U. S.

Treasury in a New Deal Helps the Stability of Chinese Money

In the drab press-room of the United States Treasury last week, Dr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Ambassador at Washington, smiled blandly at K. P. Chen, Shanghai banker, as the latter blinked imperturbably at Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury.

The trio had news for the press, for the United States had just agreed to buy "substantial" amounts of silver from the Central Bank of China at world prices. *Uncle Sam* was trying to right a wrong.

More than a year ago the Treasury began buying silver wherever it could be found, with the idea of ruuning up the price. The maneuver succeeded in its prime purpose—soon quotations ran to eighty-one cents an ounce, as compared with the present world average of forty-five cents.

Celestial Ruin—For China, however, that policy was ruinous. Seeing its base metal flowing out of the country at an alarming rate, Nanking banned its export. When that measure proved ineffective, smugglers were threatened with death for defying the law. But the silver flood went on. Soon the Oriental nation's internal economy was disrupted to the core. The nation, driven off silver, adopted a managed currency last November. Then Washington called Nanking into conference.

Business stagnation, falling commodity prices, and bank failures brought on by the American policies put the Chinese face to face with a cycle of depression.

Last week's agreement was designed to put China back on an even keel. America had pledged to buy undisclosed quantities of the precious metal, paying for it in gold or dollar credits. The bulk of these credits will be held in New York, where the Central Bank of China is establishing a branch. The credit fund will operate to stabilize the Chinese dollar, now worth thirty cents, just as the American stabilization and British equalization funds control the dollar and the pound.

For his part, Ambassador Sze announced that the Chinese, while building up the gold and foreign-exchange reserves behind their currency, would maintain silver reserves at a value of at least 25 per cent. of the note circulation [and would mint and issue silver coins of fifty-cent and one-dollar denominations].

In concluding the agreement, Mr. Morgenthau acted under the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, which instructed the Treasury to buy silver until the value of its stocks reached one-third the value of its gold holdings, or until the market price reached $1.29 an ounce.

Silver and Gold—As accurately as can be estimated, present stocks of silver in the United States Treasury amounted to $2,139,826,010 on May 14, while gold stocks stood at $10,323,458,799. Thus the Treasury, valuing its silver at the statutory price of $1.29 an ounce, needs $1,302,000,000 worth of silver, or 1,009,000,000 more ounces, to reach the limit envisaged by the Act. But that amount is about five times the world production of the metal for 1935.

An interesting angle of the arrangement is its possible effect on eventual world stabilization of currencies. Last May, Secretary Morgenthau said that the United States would not stand in the way of broad international action [indicating a receptive, but passive, attitude]. Last week he displayed more eagerness, at the same time emphasizing his belief that stabilization must be reached by nation-to-nation negotiations, rather than through a conference of nations.

Asked what the United States would do "if other countries ganged up against it," he smiled. "We'd be able to take care of ourselves," he replied, adding that "we have done pretty well in the last three years."

Press Reaction—The Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) rejoices that "there is every likelihood that the agreement will do much to repair the harm done to China and to Chinese-American trade relations by the reckless pursuit of the silver-purchasing program."

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* (Ind.-Rep.) finds the results of the whole Roosevelt silver policy "both amusing and instructive," while the Washington *Post* (Ind.) remarked that "what this nation took from China with one hand, it is now to return with the other."

Wide World

The passing of the "Million-Dollar Room" in Chicago's Union League Club: Harry J. Doherty, Club Manager, supervises removal of stock certificates

ERASING GLOOM Chicago Club Takes Million-Dollar Bad Reminders Off Walls

Under the watchful eyes of Club Manager Harry J. Doherty, a corps of steady-handed paper-hangers last week stripped the paper from the walls of the Club's famous "Million-Dollar Room" in Chicago in preparation for redecorating.

As the paper was removed, it was laid carefully in a pile to be saved for 150 of the Club's 3,000 members who contributed it. For the pieces were once-worthless stock certificates of companies capitalized at more than $3,000,000,000 and represented investments by contributors of more than $1,000,000—from which the room got its name.

Altho most of the certificates are still worthless, according to Mr. Doherty, some now have a slight value and will be returned to members.

Originally a small, unattractive private dining-room on the eighth floor of the Union League Club building, overlooking La Salle Street and the Chicago Board of Trade, the "Million-Dollar Room" brightened three years ago with the stock certificates as wallpaper. The idea was Mr. Doherty's.

Inaugural Flourish—After the manner of a Board of Directors' Room, it was furnished with a long table and fourteen chairs, marked respectively for the Chairman, the President and twelve Directors, six on a side. Just before the opening of A Century of Progress in 1933, the room was dedicated. All speeches at the ceremony were extemporaneous and none was recorded.

Out of consideration for reorganized companies whose stock certificates were still on the wall as worthless, as well as on account of the growing value of some of the certificates, the Club's dignified, conservative, largely Republican membership decided this month to redecorate the room, and rededicate it as the "gold room."

Dollar signs will adorn the bottom edges of new drapes for the room.

"With the depression on the wane," said F. W. Martin, of the Club's Public Affairs Committee, "we decided to put aside anything that would remind us of those dark days when it seemed that the stock market had no bottom."

ROADS OF COTTON Cost of Highway Maintenance Cut, New Outlet Found for Crop

A big bus, coming at a smart clip, bore down on the little coupé of the South Carolina State Highway Department. The official of the Highway Department jerked the coupé toward the roughly broken edge of the road, while his companion clamped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his jaws tightly together until they jolted past the bus.

"A tight squeeze," the latter said tersely. "Why don't you fix your roads?"

They were driving along Route 2 between Chapin and Prosperity, South Carolina, and the highway official made no reply until he stopped the car on a 200-foot strip of smoother road. This brief stretch looked identical in construction to the road over which they had passed. But it was unbroken at the edges and virtually unpatched.

"This piece of road was built at the same time the other was," the highway official said.

"And while the other has averaged better than $200 a mile a year for maintenance, this strip during the same period has cost practically nothing.

"As a cotton planter, you ought to be interested. We call this piece a 'cotton road.'"

Economy Sought—High maintenance costs of asphalt and tar roads ten years ago sent W. K. Beckham, Maintenance Engineer of the South Carolina State Highway Department, in search of a material which would prevent surface breaks and reduce edge failures through erosion.

Under his direction this 200-foot experimental stretch of road was built with strips of coarse cotton fabric laid longitudinally over the earth base.

The fabric was saturated with hot asphalt and allowed to harden.

Then another coat of asphalt was laid on, with about fifty pounds of sand per square yard rolled into the top surface of the road.

After two years of traffic under all-weather conditions, the road was tested. It was in as good condition as when it was laid.

The cotton fabric had prevented surface cracking by thwarting the upward pressure of the road base and likewise prevented water from seeping down into the base from the top.

Federal Action—Following further tests, the Cotton Textile Institute, trade association of the cotton textile industry, took up cotton roads as a potential outlet for cotton fabric.

At its suggestion, the United States Department of Agriculture in January allotted $1,300,000 for the purchase of fabric for a nation-wide test and demonstration.

The Institute announced last week that nineteen States have applied to the Department for 1,800,000 linear yards of fabric seventy-two, eighty-four or ninety inches wide, to be used in constructing 565 miles of eighteen-foot cotton-reenforced, bituminous-surfaced roads.

The only requirement was that accurate tests be made of the roads and that cotton roads be constructed between adjoining unreenforced sections built on similar soil so that fair comparisons would be insured.

The Cotton Textile Institute estimated that there are about 900,000 miles of unimproved earth roads in the country, 600,000 of which ultimately will be given a bituminous surface.

On the basis of eight to ten bales of cotton in the form of fabric to the mile, here is a potential outlet for 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 bales.

And inasmuch as 45,000 miles of bituminous-surfaced roads are resurfaced each year, the Institute sees an additional outlet for more than 400,000 bales of the white fleecy staple a year.

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA (OR MEXICO CITY)—a new Grace "Santa" sails every two weeks—all outside rooms with private baths; outdoor, built-in tiled swimming pools; dining rooms with roll-back domes which open to the sky; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons; pre-release talkies and gymnasiums. **OR BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SOUTH AMERICA**—39-Day all-expense cruises to Valparaiso, Chile, and return—10,500 miles! 17 Caribbean and South American Cities!—Or to the interior of Peru, Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, from $500. 25 and 32-Day all-expense cruises to Lima, Peru, from $350. Consult your travel agent or GRACE Line, New York; Chicago; San Francisco; Los Angeles.

MODERN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION
By Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell and Dr. Harry Söderman
Preface by Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner, City of New York
A text book on police science. Cloth bound. Illustrated. 477 pages. $3.00; by mail, $3.14.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, *Publishers,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

YOUR VACATION IN NEW ENGLAND

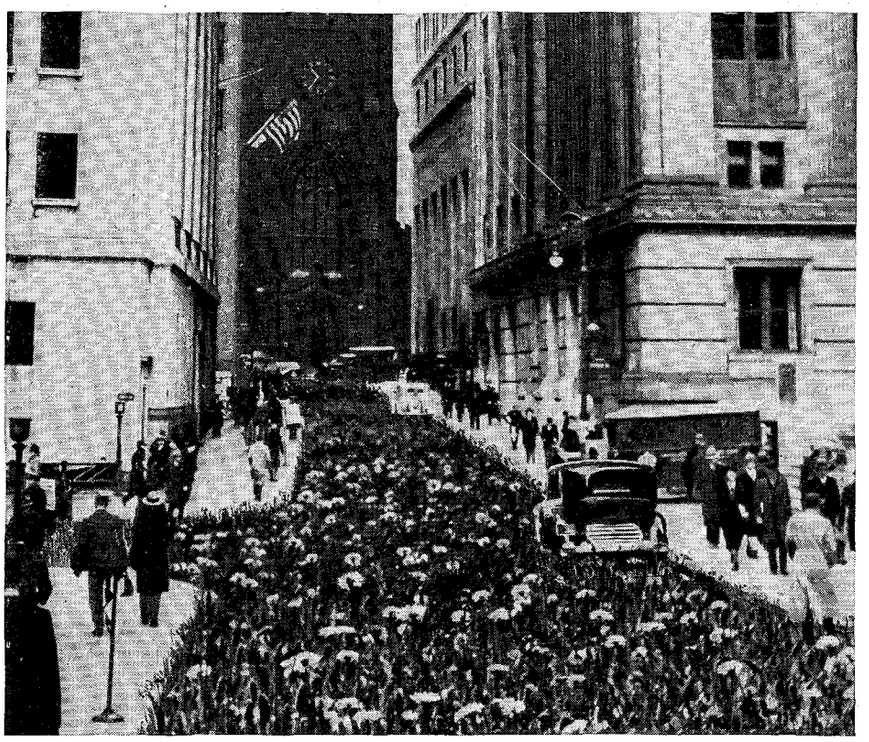
Enjoy amazing vacation bargains in historic New England — at unique mountain, lake, or seashore resorts. Transportation costs slashed. Hotel and camp rates low. Tear out coupon for big, new pictorial guide to New England. A 50c magazine value, but **free while they last. Act now!**

NEW ENGLAND COUNCIL
20 Providence Street, *Boston, Mass.*
Please send me my free copy of the New England vacation booklet D-66.
Name _____
Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN HEAD-LINES TRIP THE PROPHETS

A Look at the Record Shows Hair-Raising Contradictions



Courtesy The Viking Press

"Grass will grow . . .": The dust-jacket of "Surplus Prophets"

An unidentified sharpshooter, picking some of the mighty men of the nation as targets and using their own newspaper statements as ammunition, has a hilarious time quoting them against themselves in a sixty-three page book "Surplus Prophets," published last week by The Viking Press, New York City.

Frankly and zestfully holding these leaders up to ridicule, the author shows how yesteryear's public utterance can become this year's laugh. He makes little comment of his own, contenting himself with what he has found in combing the nation's press for the last few years and printing his victims' statements in deadly juxtaposition.

"Back in 1931," says the publisher, "a little book called 'Oh, Yeah?' had America laughing through depression's tears. It was a tongue-in-cheek compendium of such wish-maunderings as 'prosperity is just around the corner,' 'the situation is fundamentally sound,' *etc., ad nauseam.*

"Now in the same spirit of good clean malice that motivated that riotous book, comes 'Surplus Prophets,' the most revealing book ever written by the Liberty League and its friends.

Blithe Juxtapositions—"From news interviews, speeches and official messages have been culled the dire prognostications, the hair-raising contradictions, with which the New Deal has been assailed by the Old Dealers. 'Surplus Prophets' is a pithy verbatim record of these passionate political statements—the unconscious humor of Messrs. Hoover, Landon, Knox, Raskob, Sloan, Hearst, *et al* (Smith)."

The basic idea of the book is that while the depression was at its worst, leaders were saying that "the situation is fundamentally sound," but that with the general improvement the cry now is that "the country is going to hell."

First place in the book is held by Herbert Hoover and the first quotation is from his campaign speech of October 31, 1932, when he said that "the grass will grow in the streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns; the weeds will overrun the fields of millions of farms." Then the author quotes Mr. Hoover against himself. The first excerpt is from a speech delivered at St. Louis on December 17, 1935:

"After the election of the New Deal we began a retreat. Only in the United States was there an interruption. We were the strongest and should have led the van. And we lagged behind for two years. The other countries of the world went forward without interruption. They adopted no New Deal."

Report by Hoover—Immediately below that excerpt is a statement by Mr. Hoover that appeared in the Washington *Post* on March 29, 1936:

"The increase in unemployment [in Germany] at the end of 1935 was double that of the same period in 1934.

"Many failures are reported and unemployment [in France] has risen.

"The number of unemployed in Great Britain increased nearly 300,000 this winter.

"Economically, Italy is in a precarious situation."

Making merry with Gov. Alfred M. Landon, of Kansas, outstanding contender for the Republican Presidential nomination, the book quotes his statement of February 29, 1936, that "the task of the Republican Party has been multiplied and our path of orderly economic progress unnecessarily barricaded by social and economic experiments in the last three years by the National Administration." Immediately below that is printed his statement of September 3, 1934:

"We have solved the secrets of power and machinery, but we have not yet found how to control and to manage the industrial civilization which we have created. The only way we can find the solution to the problem is the age-old way of trial and error and experience."

Governor Landon's statement of November 13, 1935, that "I am confident that the President and the WPA are doing all in their power to get the people to work" is printed below this head-line from the New York *Times* of May 8, 1936:

NEW DEAL BLOCKING
JOBS, SAYS LANDON

Opinions of Landon—Two editorial views of Governor Landon are printed on the same page. The first is from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"He [Landon] appears to embody all those qualities of mind and character which President Roosevelt lacks. He is in a sense the exact antithesis of the great New Dealer. He stands for the traditions and beliefs which Mr. Roosevelt has so lightly discarded, scorned or attacked. He represents the best in the older America, in contrast to the experimentation and inadequacy of the New Deal."

Below is this contradictory analysis by the Cincinnati *Enquirer:*

"He [Landon] is for a child labor amendment, for the newly adopted Social Security Act, for the Agricultural Adjustment Act in any form that may seem constitutional, and is not opposed to the Wagner Labor Disputes Act and the Guffey Coal Act. In short . . . Governor Landon is not so much a 'Kansas Coolidge' as a 'Roosevelt Republican.'"

Turning to Alfred E. Smith, the author first quotes from his Liberty League speech of January 25, 1936:

"Just get the platform of the Democratic Party, and get the platform of the Socialist Party, and lay them down side by side. . . . Then study the record of the present Administration up to date. After you have done that, make your mind up to pick up the platform that more nearly squares with the record, and you will put your hand on the Socialist platform."

Earlier View—But in 1928 when he was running for the Presidency, Mr. Smith said this:

"The cry of Socialism has been patented by the powerful interests that desire to put a damper on progressive legislation. Failing to meet the arguments fairly and squarely, special interest falls back on the old stock argument of Socialism."

Another excerpt from Mr. Smith's Liberty League speech, that "there can only be one atmosphere of government, the clear, fresh pure air of free America, or the foul breath of Communistic Russia" is printed side by side with this news item from the New York *Herald Tribune* of March 1, 1933:

"Washington, Feb. 28—Alfred E. Smith appeared to-day before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations as an advocate of recognition of Russia."

Taking a jibe at Jouett Shouse, President of the American Liberty League, the author quotes a statement he made before he accepted that position: "Our unbalanced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

budget is the direct result of eleven years of Republican misrule," and this from a Liberty League pamphlet: "A balanced budget would give the nation the surest foundation for permanent recovery."

More Inconsistency—"The truth is that Communism is not coming. It is here," said William Randolph Hearst in an editorial on March 17, 1936. "We have, in all its essentials, a Communistic Administration at Washington."

Beside that is printed Mr. Hearst's statement of November 6, 1932: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is not radical, unless it is radical to be honest."

Among the gleeful slaps at big business are two head-lines dealing with J. P. Morgan, head of the banking house. One, from the Baltimore *Sun* of November 20, 1935:

MORGAN ATTACKS
NEW DEAL TAXES

The other is from the New York *Times* of May 24, 1933:

MORGAN PAID NO INCOME TAX
FOR THE YEARS 1931 AND 1932

Col. Frank Knox, candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, assailed inflation on September 25, 1933, according to the New York *Times*, but on April 26, 1933, the same paper quoted him: "there has already been a healthy increase in the price of farm commodities, wholly by the expectation of inflation."

Quoting a statement by Henry P. Fletcher, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, of March 22, 1936, that "to date the Roosevelt Administration has merely deepened the depression," the author finishes his book with the following:

New York Stock Exchange
Total Value of Listed Stocks

March, 1933.....$19,914,893,399
March, 1936.....$51,667,867,515

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Batory—Polish motor-liner (p. 36)—to rime with *fat tory: ba-tor'y.*

Borkowski—its captain (p. 36)—with *w* as *f: bor-koff'skee.*

Cárdenas—President of Mexico (p. 15)—vowels as in *scarlet gas: car'deh-nass.*

Degrelle—the Hitler of Belgium (p. 15)—rimes with *the bell: duh-grell'.*

de Man—Belgium Minister of Public Works (p. 15)—*Man* as *mahn:* make it snappy—*duh mahn.*

Portes Gil—leader of Mexican revolutionist party (p. 15)—*g* is *h:* hence, *por'tess hill.*

Sao-ke Sze—Ambassador from China (p. 40)—he rimes it with *"How be ye"; sow-kee zee.*

Jose Luis Tejada Sorzano—ousted President of Bolivia (p. 15)—*Jose* as if *ho-say'; Luis* as *Lewis; Tejada* as *teh-hah'da; Sorzano* as *sore-sah'no.*

Toledano—Mexican labor leader (p. 15)—refer to him as *toe-leh-dah'no.*

Toro—probable Bolivian President (p. 15)—an *o* after *tore: tore'oh.*

Van Zeeland—Premier of Belgium (p. 15)—*Zee* is *zay: vahn zay'lahnd.*

WALL STREET JESTS Bond Club Again Tries Its Hand at "Sensational" News

On June 5 a New York newspaper will announce that President Roosevelt has offered to cancel the French debt on condition that France take back Louisiana.

Newsboys hawking the edition in their inimitable nasal shrill will give the sensational revelation an added aura of authenticity, because passers-by will understand them to say that the newspaper carrying the story is the *Wall Street Journal.*

What they will really cry is "Here y'are, *Bawl Street Journal,*" and the whole thing will be a good-natured hoax featuring the roisterous annual outing of the Bond Club of New York.

But the newspaper, free to members, fifty cents for the single issue to outsiders, will be a typographically exact reproduction of the staid financial organ, and it will carry many another decorum-jarring head-line and story, such as:

HOOVER LIKES OUTLOOK
BUT DECLARES HE
PREFERS SATEVEPOST

"Happy Engineer" on Way East to Make Fifty Bucks, Swaps Dirt With Bawl St. Newshawks

"What do you think of the outlook, Mr. Hoover?"

"I like the *Saturday Evening Post* better, boys," was the ready reply.

Thus started one of the most unusual interviews in journalistic history, when twenty-five *Bawl Street Journal* reporters were received by the jovial ex-President in the smoking car of the *Santa Fe Chief* late last night.

Mr. Hoover was *en route* east "to do $50 worth of thinking for New York Life," as he jokingly put it, and the newsmen found him in his usual rollicking mood of good humor.

Indeed, before the formal interview was even under way, a few of his characteristic side-splitting remarks had the boys rolling in the aisles.

The piece about the French debt deal was head-lined:

U. S. WILL VOID
FRENCH WAR DEBT,
SAYS ROOSEVELT

President Asks in Return Only that France Shall Cancel Louisiana Purchase

Under a Washington date-line, it read:

As the first step in an international Share-the-Wealth movement, the Government of the United States to-day offered to cancel the French War debt, if France would take back Louisiana.

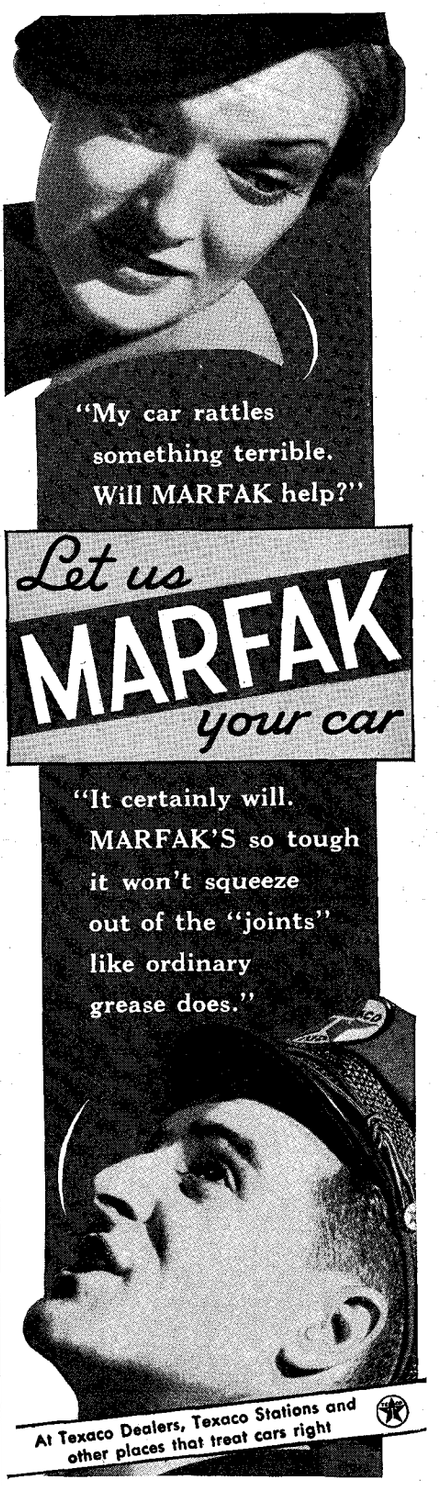
"You will recall that the United States purchased Louisiana from France in 1803 for $15,000,000," the President's message said. "We have had our money's worth. It is a grand State, but, frankly, in recent years it has been more of a nuisance than an asset."

Editorial Jesting—The editorial page will contain such bits of tomfoolery as:

"Since this country is now off the gold standard, the eagle is naturally a poor emblem to represent it. And why have a bird pose as our insignia? We have gradually been getting rid of the other birds who represented us for so long.

"The bullfrog would be admirable for the position. He is green-backed, inflates easily, and is a great lover of notes."

The world at large is asked to contribute such items, and this year, as last, payment will be in the form of thirty-five prizes, ranging from $20 to $50, and totaling $1,000. In 1935 105 contributors from sixteen States shared the money, $750 of which was won by persons having no connections with securities firms or banks.



Fashion Careers: American Style

By CATHERINE OGLESBY

Ideal for the young woman who wants to enter this newest and most profitable field of endeavor, and for women already engaged in some branch of the fashion business, seeking the surest and quickest means of advancement in responsibility and salary. Intensely practical.

Profitable

"Fashion is a fertile field for women today both as to the number of opportunities in it and the compensation paid."—*Grace Cornell,* Authority on Industrial Design, and Lecturer on Color at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Price, $2.00; by mail, $2.14.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Epitaph.—Here Lies an Atheist;
All Dressed Up and No Place to Go.—*Lyre.*

Your Error.—"If I had known that tunnel was so long I would have kissed you."
"Gosh, wasn't that you?"—*The Log (U. S. Naval Academy).*

Competition.—MOTHER—"Why are you making faces at that bulldog?"
SMALL CHILD (wailing)—"He started it."—*Toronto Globe.*

Cramped.—"That fellow must live in a very small flat."
"How can you tell?"
"Why, haven't you noticed that his dog wags his tail up and down, instead of sideways?"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Ow-w-w!—POLICEMAN (to motorist)—"Take it easy; didn't you see that notice—'Slow Down Here'?"
MOTORIST—"Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing your village."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Snap.—Driving home rather late the other night, a lady we know was waved over to the curb by a cop just as she was turning off the avenue. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Lady," said the cop, "don't you know that when you turn a corner you ought to make an audible hand-signal?"—*The New Yorker.*

Child's Play.—"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her young daughter.
"Oh yes, mummy, it's a lovely book, but I don't think you'd like it. It's so sad at the end."
"How is it sad, dear?"
"Well, she dies, and he has to go back to his wife."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Poser.—George Bernard Shaw has confessed that the only time he has been at a loss and taken aback was an evening years ago, when a messenger arrived at his home to take some Shaw copy to a newspaper. The great man was at dinner. The lad came in, looked at the vegetarian plate before Shaw and said: "Have you just finished or are you just starting?"—*John Chapman in New York Daily News.*

Fresh Start.—A motorist, on holiday in Ireland, was driving through Galway when he found himself lost. He stopped the car and called to a villager farther down the road.
"Can you tell me the way to Ballinasloe?" he asked.
The Irishman scratched his head.
"Sure, yer honor, you go down the road about ten miles, and then turn to the right——" Here he stopped and thought again. "No, you go back the way you've come and turn to the left——" Again he stopped. Then with a sudden burst of confidence, he added:
"Begorrah, if Oi was going to Ballinasloe Oi wouldn't start from here."—*Answers (London).*

"I JUST GOT RID OF THAT BAD QUARTER, J. B."
—Louis Priscilla in Collier's

Rather.—"So he is a reckless driver?"
"Say, when the road turns the same way as he does, it's just a coincidence."—*The Log (U. S. Naval Academy).*

Thoughtful.—FRESHMAN—"Say, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"
ROOMMATE—"Well, you wouldn't want our new suit to get wet, would you?"—*Toronto Globe.*

Ah, Wilderness!—ZONE COP—"Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say 'Pull over there'?"
BUCKVAN—"Why, I thought you said, 'Good afternoon, Field Marshal'!"
COP (smiling)—"Isn't it a warm day to-day, Field Marshal!"—*Motor Pool Gas Tank.*

Worrier.—A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor shouted at him: "Quick, how many feet has a centipede?"
The man came back in a dry, dry voice:
"Gad, is that all you have to worry about?"—*Troy (N. Y.) Times Record.*

Cat's Away.—The minister met a gamekeeper. "Come, my good fellow, why is it I never see you at church?"
"Well, sir, I don't want to make your congregation smaller."
"I don't see very well how you could."
"Well, sir, you see, if I came to church the rest of the parish would go poaching."—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Tough One.—A backwoods woman, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband addressed her.
"You'd better move your foot a mite, maw; you're standing on a live coal."
Said she, nonchalantly: "Which foot, paw?"—*L. & N. Employee's Magazine.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

For Rent—Furnished bedroom, containing, bath, telephone and garage.—*Willows (Calif.) paper.*

Kind of cosy, ain't it?

Mr. and Mrs. S——— B——— became the parents of a nine-pound hospital.—*Des Moines paper.*

And were they surprized!

Platinum, itself as expensive as GOLF, was used in the transmutation experiment.—*New Orleans paper.*

Those, sir, are harsh words.

Sale—AUNT KILLER, guaranteed to clean 'em out in 24 hours or money back—*Charleston (S. C.) paper.*

Yoo-Hoo! Aunt Millicent!

In one case convulsions and asthma were caused by the heat of a small reading lamb.—*Richmond (Va.) paper.*

Well, it'd scare us.

Factional struggles feature tomorrow's West Virginia primary. The presidential vote was pushed to the background by a spit between the two Democratic senators.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) papers.*

Better sit back until this thing blows over.

Ranch—valued $3,500, want $7,500 loan.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Hope springs eternal in the optimistic breast.

For Sale—3 rm. Fgdr. o'stuffed. Inner springs. Adults.—*El Paso paper.*

Wht ar yu kping frm us? Why cnt we brng th chldrn?

Wanted—To buy from owner, a home derisably located.—*Roanoke (Va.) paper.*

We got a purple stucco one overlooking the zoo.

Help Wanted—NIGHT WATCHMAN—Elderly, to sleep on premises.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

Just try and stop him.

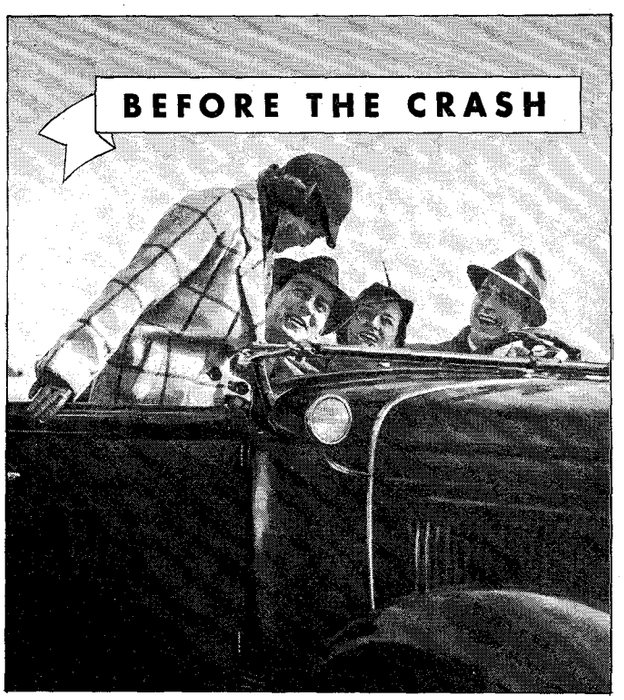
One of these governments will be official, with Leon Blum, Socialist leader, as premier, but the other a dnwillhkoshetshetshetshetshetsh "government" will be Communist.—*Detroit (Mich.) paper.*

Mind your temper there.

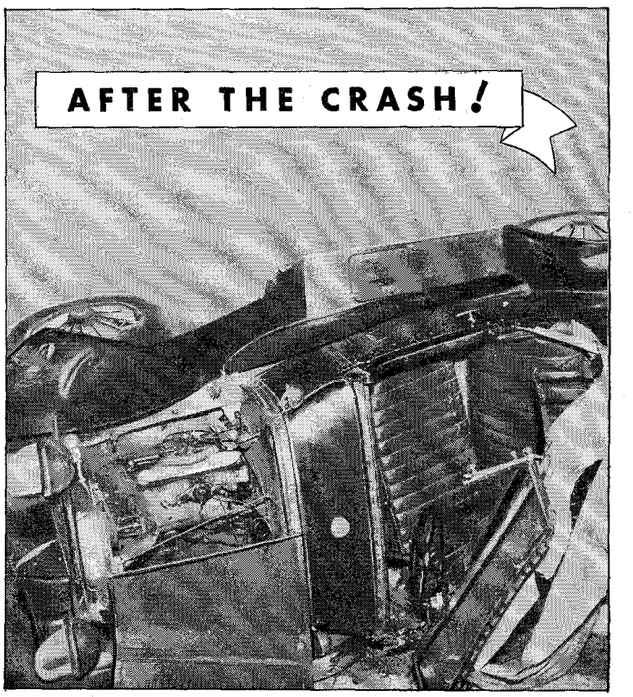
"By the common enemy we mean Communism which is spreading through receipt and imposture. Many are still blind to its snores."—*Newburgh (N. Y.) paper.*

And deaf to its glances.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS PICTURE SHOWS the cause of many fatal accidents . . . an overcrowded front seat—another car speeding out of a cross street—no room for quick manipulation of the steering wheel—no chance for a hurried jamming of the brakes—CRASH...



THIS PICTURE SHOWS what happened to the driver who allowed too many people to crowd into the front seat. It is not his first crash—although it may be his last. Men with such accident records cannot get Liberty Mutual Car Insurance.

HOW GOOD DRIVERS MAY GET CAR INSURANCE AT LOW COST

DRIVERS who take chances are not eligible for Liberty Mutual insurance. That is why 120,000 careful drivers whom we insure have secured car insurance at low cost.

If you are a careful driver, you are eligible for low-cost car insurance under the Liberty Mutual Plan. Briefly, the plan is this:

1. By selecting only good drivers we have fewer accidents, and that means fewer losses to pay.

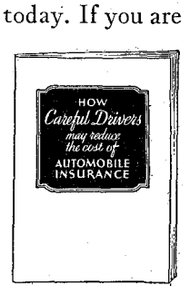
2. You deal directly with a Liberty Mutual salaried representative. This not only eliminates third party delays and misunderstandings, but enables you to buy car insurance more economically.

The savings which result are returned to policyholders in the form of annual cash dividends. These dividends have always amounted to at least 20% of each yearly premium.

Get this Free Booklet

You are invited to write for our free booklet, "How Careful Drivers may reduce the cost of Automobile Insurance." It tells all about the Liberty Mutual plan—how it works—how much you may save—advantages of dealing direct with Liberty Mutual—contains a list of leading companies protected by Liberty Mutual—tells all about our Deferred Payment Plan for responsible car owners.

Mail the coupon today. If you are accepted, you will be associated with over 120,000 of the most careful drivers in the United States. Send the coupon today—no obligation.



LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

31 St. James Avenue, Boston

Nation-wide service

LIBERTY MUTUAL *also writes Workmen's Compensation, General Liability, Burglary and Robbery, Personal Accident, Forgery and Fidelity Bonds for manufacturers, merchants and individuals. All forms of Fire Insurance written through United Mutual Fire Insurance Co.*

L.D.6-6

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
31 St. James Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation, please send me free booklet which shows exactly how much careful drivers can save on car insurance; also facts about your convenient Deferred Payment Plan for responsible car-owners.

Name.....

Business address.....

.....

Town where car is kept.....

Make of Car.....No. of Cyls.....

Body Type.....Model No.....Year.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED